

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1855.

GERALD MASSEY, THE CHARTIST POET.

BY REV. D. CURRY, D. D.

LIKE all the other productions of genius, and like genius itself, poetry is exceedingly capricious both as to the times and the conditions of its growth. Sometimes it seems to linger only along the borders of a nascent civilization; at another time it soars boldly upward in the noontide radiance of an Augustan age; and again it gives forth its mellow cadences among the fading beauties of an effete and decaying refinement. In their personal favoritisms, also, the Muses are equally capricious. That they often bestow their favors most bountifully where Fortune has been most parsimonious, is true to a proverb; and yet it is certain that the genuine poetic inspiration has occasionally manifested itself where the hard hand of adversity has never prepared its way. But though the Muses do sometimes sing in the bowers of pleasure and recline on the lap of luxury, it is nevertheless quite evident that ease and excessive refinement are unfriendly to the growth and exercise of the true poetic spirit.

The love of poetry is among the universal susceptibilities of our nature—the want of it indicates either the absence of culture or an abnormal condition of the mind. So likewise most persons have at some period of their history offered an oblation at the shrine of the Muses, in the form of an attempt at poetizing. A large portion of our race only breathe out their offerings in words that perish with the uttering; and the productions of another portion are written like lines upon the sands, to be swept away by the passing breeze. But a persistent effort to achieve a poet's renown implies, as an essential condition, that he who makes it shall have less taste than genius. It is no matter how small a share of genius he may possess, if it

be relatively greater than his taste, he will most probably set himself up for a poet, and unlearn his mistake only by the public verdict against him. Doubtless a too severe critical judgment—a taste that could not tolerate mediocrity—has often stifled in its birth what might have grown to be exquisite fruits of true genius.

Much has been said and written about the injustice of critics and the severity of criticism; but what would literature be without them? True criticism is both a liberal and a useful art. It is liberal and refined, for only cultivated minds can exercise it, and such will always appreciate true merit. But it is especially useful since its province is to detect and destroy—or, rather, doom to destruction—the prolific broods that false tastes and uncultivated or feeble geniuses send out upon the world of letters. It is the winnowing fan that separates the wheat from the chaff—the mercury which gathers up the grains of pure gold found in the mass of base materials, but rejects all else.

We ran off into the above train of reflections and remarks upon sitting down to write a notice and critique of a volume of poems of recent date, which we deemed worthy of a passing word. "There is a new poet," exclaimed a friend of ours, whose lively appreciation of true excellence is only equaled by the heat of his disgust against inanity and false taste, as we entered his office, and sat down among his books and papers. Had he said a *new planet* or a *new law* of physics, the announcement might have been passed over without attention; but a new poet is, indeed, a rare bird, and must be attended to. Our friend then produced a paper-covered octodecimo volume, from which he proceeded to recite some specimens of verses that evidently contained sparks of the true poetic fire, and forcibly suggested thoughts of Shakspeare and Burns.

That volume was an English copy—it had not

yet been published in this country—of "Poems and Ballads, by **GERALD MASSEY**." A few months later it was republished by J. C. Derby, of New York, "with several new poems never before published." From a copy of this issue we derive most that we are now about to write about both the author and the book. In its American dress the plain little volume has become a very respectable book, having grown in size to a fair duodecimo, of fine paper, with clear typography and broad margins, and clothed in a neat muslin covering. But the reader will, perhaps, desire to know something more of this new son of song, as well as of his productions—a desire that we will proceed to gratify.

GERALD MASSEY is the son of a canal-boatman of Herts, England; born in May, 1828, and is, therefore, now twenty-seven years old. The place of his nativity was a stone hut, in the hamlet of Tring, and rented at a shilling a week; the roof of which—it had no ceiling—was so low that a man could not stand erect in it. Like most of his countrymen of the same social condition, the elder Massey was without education, being unable to write his name. The son enjoyed but little better opportunities than had been afforded to his father—though a penny school in the neighborhood afforded the least possible advantages to those who could indulge their children in so great luxury as the knowledge of letters. But this could be enjoyed only so long as the child was yet too young to be capable of being put to service. At eight years old young Massey went to the silk mill, where he worked his twelve hours daily—seeing the sun or the green earth only by stealthy glances through the factory windows, and breathing the oily vapors and confined air of his prison, while his ears were perpetually stunned with the din of machinery; and in return received a shilling per week. The burning of the factory—over which he rejoiced like some time-worn prisoner at the destruction of the Bastille—only transferred him to another form of labor—straw-platting—equally toilsome, and even more unwholesome. For three years he suffered beyond account from alternate chills and fevers, which at length settled into the form of a tertian ague. With his own bold hand this nursing of misery has sketched the state of things in which he spent his early days—childhood it may not be termed—and pointed out their fearful moral tendencies:

"Ever since I can remember," he writes of himself, "I have had the aching fear of want throbbing heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks,

would have passed unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from the heart and brow, and, day by day, the child recedes devil-ward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

But bad as was this state of things, its difficulties were braved and partially overcome chiefly by the aid of the unconquerable spirit of his **MOTHER**. She saw to it, that while her children were yet too young to begin the drudgery of infantile labor, they should enjoy the slender advantages of the penny school till they learned to read their mother-tongue. This constituted the whole of Gerald Massey's school-training; and this sufficed to open to him the gates of knowledge, into which he felt an irrepressible desire to enter. The **BIBLE** and **BUNYAN**—what better could have been chosen?—were at first his whole library: with the contents of the first he stored his tenacious memory, while the other was devoured as a veritable and most wonderful history. Then came Robinson Crusoe, the counterpart of the latter; while some Wesleyan tracts served to give point and energy to the lessons of the former.

At fifteen years old he left his native hamlet, and came up to London, that great receptacle and consumer of all that the country produces—men not excepted—to serve as an errand-boy. Here a new world burst upon his astonished vision, and new facilities for the acquisition of knowledge were multiplied upon his hands. Books were now readily obtained and greedily devoured by him; and he confessed that while in the fruition of his newly attained pleasures he first conceived the notion that life might become a scene of real pleasurable enjoyment—hitherto it had been only a struggle with want and wretchedness.

But this happy state of affairs was of but short continuance. If it is true generally that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," that truth is greatly intensified when applied to

the race of verse-mongers, among whom, however, young Massey had not yet aspired to a place. Probably he was from the beginning of a poetic temperament. He says of himself, "I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit in the trees, and the golden sunbursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood, and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God's own presence-chamber." This, indeed, has something of the sound of the material of which poetry is made; but in this case it was not yet "married to immortal verse." The "poet-born" had not yet learned the language of his species; but an occasion soon occurred that opened his mouth, and gave utterance to the spirit that stirred within him.

The Muses are not the only divinities whose attentions are devoted to the children of poverty no less than to the silken sons of luxury. Especially does the winged archer-boy delight to try his powers upon the susceptible hearts of coarsely clad youth and of uncomely and toiling maidens. What youthful heart was ever so toil-pressed and poverty stricken as to escape the soft intrusion of the tender passion? Had such a thing been possible, one would have said that the subject of the sketch given above must have been reduced below the point of amorous susceptibility; and yet, strange to say, the boy Gerald Massey fell in love. With the awakening of the tender passion in him came also a disposition to rhyming, and verse-making became almost his mania. Association often operates by contrasts, and accordingly the first lisping of the newly awakened spirit in this foster-child of despair was devoted to *hope*. That there was crudeness both of thought and language in his first utterings may be presumed—how could it be otherwise?—yet they found their way to the public through the columns of a country newspaper, and at length in a collected form, in a shilling volume, issued and circulated in his native town. These were his earliest exercises—useful, indeed, yet not by their intrinsic worth, but like the school-boy's copy-book on which his hand is disciplined to more excellent performances. The influence of the impression then made is plainly traceable in his more matured productions, many of which are of an amative character.

But other influences were also at work giving shape and direction to his mind and thoughts. The petty tyrannies to which he was constantly a victim awakened in him a spirit of resistance,

which at length became the settled habit of his mind. Among the books which fell accidentally in his way, and were devoured without discrimination, were the political writings of Paine, Volney, and Louis Blanc; and, as a natural consequence, his mind became soured on account of his hard fate, and his wrath awakened against the existing state of society as the cause of the evils he suffered. This drift of his mind gave a new character to his poetical effusions, and Massey became the poet of the low and discontented poor, ranking in the very same class with Tom Hood and Barry Cornwall.

Before he had arrived at man's estate he had become deeply involved in political discussions. "Full of new thoughts," continues the sketch from which we derive most of the facts we are stating, "and bursting with aspirations of freedom, he started, in April, 1849, a cheap journal, written entirely by working men, entitled, 'The Spirit of Freedom'; it was full of fiery earnestness, and half of its contents were written by himself. It cost him five situations during the period of eleven months—twice because he was detected burning candles far on into the night, and three times because of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance. The French Revolution of 1848 having, among its other issues, kindled the zeal of the workingmen of this country [England] in the cause of association, Gerald Massey eagerly joined them; and he has been recently instrumental in giving some impetus to that praiseworthy movement, the object of which is to permanently elevate the condition of the producing classes, by advancing them to the status of capitalists as well as laborers."

It is evident from some of his poems, though neither himself in his preface, nor the writer of the prefixed sketch, say nothing on the subject, that his early love affair resulted in marriage. This perhaps somewhat softened the asperities of his spirit, though it could not fail to increase the burdens of poverty and care. The scenes and events of wedded life are interwoven into his poetry and form the material of some of his best pieces. There are also indications in some of the later ones that his genius has wrought for him a better fortune than that to which he was born. It is to be hoped that he may escape from the misery he so forcibly describes and deprecates, and that the change of his condition may also exert a beneficial influence upon his character. Too often the advantages gained to the penniless foster-child of the Muses by the efforts of his genius have served only to spoil the

promise of poetical excellence without any compensating improvement of the man. We wait, not without interest, to see whether Gerald Massey will add another to the sad catalogue, or prove one honorable and honored exception to general rule in such cases.

Having in this paper confined our remarks to our subject as a man, we propose in another to examine his poetry, and to attempt some estimate of his character and genius; and so will bid the reader a good-by till next month.

COMING DOWN.

BY ALICE GARY.

MR. and Mrs. Dexter began life with a fortune; they had one of the finest houses in town, and, of course, it was in the most fashionable quarter, and furnished with all the elegance and luxury which minister to taste and comfort.

In short, they had a great house, a great deal of furniture, a great many servants, and a great many clothes. They had fine horses and fine carriages, a fine conservatory and fine pictures, and were, in all respects, fine people.

They gave splendid entertainments; had traveled at home and abroad; gave and received presents; visited all the fashionable resorts in the summer, and in the winter made life one round of what is termed pleasure. Mrs. Dexter was a beautiful and accomplished woman, and lived as she had been educated to live, and as she supposed was proper for a woman of her position and fortune to live.

Her baby was in the nursery—well cared for, she knew; and yet it caused her not a little anxiety that she was unable to see it oftener than once or twice a day—her engagements were so numerous they would not allow it.

Busy, and weary, and worn were they; neither happy themselves nor causing happiness to others. They were, of course, a good deal envied and disliked, and suffered not a little from unfriendly suspicions. It is one of the penalties of prosperity that it enables even our best friends to see all the little defects of our character, and sometimes to imagine faults and failings of which, in reality, we are guiltless.

"Why is it that we are so bored to death?" said Mr. and Mrs. Dexter. "Nothing seems fresh or pleasant; and surely we ought to be happy if any body is—we enjoy largely the means of happiness."

So they turned and overturned their affairs; counted the rooms of their house, and the num-

ber of their servants; looked into their wardrobes, and scrutinized their furniture; but they were only the more and more puzzled. In all the list of their fashionable acquaintance they could think of but one family who had ampler means, or who lived more stylishly than themselves. They had once or twice seen a finer coach than their own, though seldom more splendid horses; a few costlier entertainments they had attended than they were able to give, but not many; and no lady wore finer jewels or brocades than Mrs. Dexter.

They were not admired much, it is true, and she sometimes thought her taste in selecting must be at fault; but not so: that Mrs. Dexter should wear silks and diamonds were a matter of course—and so, of course, they gave nobody either pleasure or surprise, and least of all herself.

Fire blazing before them, and mirrors flashing behind, they sat in their fine house and wondered why they were not happy, and concluded that they could not be possessed of that amount of wealth that insured happiness, for in no other way could they account for the humdrum life they lived.

They did not sleep well at night—why they could not guess, unless it were the fault of their beds; they must have more luxurious ones, if in any part of the world they were to be obtained. They had little appetite; the cook must be to blame; they must employ another: entertainments did not entertain them, and visiting and visitors were alike tiresome. If they had wealth enough to do just as they would like to do, they would surely baffle the demon of ennui that so tormented them now.

The chances of speculation were turned over, and Mr. Dexter was not long in selecting one which he thought promised well. So sure were they of favorable results, that they concluded it would be foolishness to wait for the actual realization of the wealth that was almost within reach, and so at once drew upon a visionary capital. To their surprise, happiness refused to come, despite their golden bidding. From their more splendid entertainments they retired more weary than before, from their softer beds arose more languid and listless, and in their dazzling coach rode with no more ease and comfort than formerly; the French cooks failed to suit their appetites, and merchants and milliners were alike unsuccessful in their attempts to meet their wishes. At the end of a year of most extravagant dissipation there came a crash in the affairs of Mr. Dexter. From heedlessness or mismanagement, or both, the late venture proved an utter failure,

and dragged after it to ruin cooks, coaches, and all.

"What can be done?" said Mr. and Mrs. Dexter. And, of course, the conclusion was any thing but coming down. Truth must be smothered and credit kept good. So thousands were borrowed, and sent searching after the lost thousands, and for awhile the Dexters moved in splendor and gayety, and were, to outward appearances, greatly to be envied; but in their hearts they felt very much as if standing on dry boards that for a moment suppressed the fires of an earthquake.

"What shall we do?" said both Mr. and Mrs. Dexter, when no more money could be borrowed. They did not know; they only felt any thing, any thing but coming down. What would all their fashionable friends say, and how they would be avoided!—that was what they dreaded more than any privation they would have to endure.

They could devise no plan of action; but in their effort to keep up yet a little longer there came a season of dodging and hiding, of promising and postponing, of evasion and of almost secret starvation. They grew thin and haggard; their fine clothes looked like fine rags, or nearly so, and the pinch of penury showed so plainly in their faces that any further attempt at concealment was hopeless.

Poor Mrs. Dexter looked like a little white paper woman, with a kind of smile painted on her lips, for you might see plainly enough it did not spring from her heart; and it seemed that a breath of wind would drift her away as easily as the froth from a milk-pail.

Half a dozen scantily fed fires were burning in the house, when Mrs. Dexter seated herself by one of them in mute and helpless despair. Night fell, and the heavy curtains made it doubly night within the room. The door opened stealthily, and her husband, like a snow-drift, still and cold, came to her side.

"My dear wife," he said presently, "I would not mind this terrible calamity but for you." His voice faltered, and he put his arm about her neck with a tenderness of manner that she was not at all used to, though he had been always kind and indulgent. Her heart had never stirred as it then did when she heard him say, "Here is a thousand dollars, my dear." There actually came a faint color to her cheek, and a real smile to the lip where the false one had been so long. The happiness of that moment was worth all the lost fortune. "My good, noble husband," she said, "you must not suffer on my account. I am equal to any fortune so long as you love

me;" and the hands she laid on his forehead were like a pleasant healing dew, and her kiss on his cheek made him richer than he had ever been.

The shell of a fortune in which they had been living was broken, and they saw, for the first time, that there was a great world outside of it. The anticipated misery of coming down lessened wonderfully when they stood up together and faced it.

All the fine furniture was sold, the French cooks were dismissed, dressing-maids and chamber-maids were sent away, Mrs. Dexter herself took charge of the baby, and half the house was let. One servant and a small open carriage were all the luxuries they reserved for themselves.

All the day after the coming down Mr. Dexter kept out of the house; he could not bear to see his wife deprived of the elegances to which she had been used; he could not bear to see her tears—to hear, perhaps, her reproaches.

With a slow and heavy step he approached his home, like him who

"Lingering raised his latch at eve,
Though tired in heart and limb;
Who loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him."

Two or three times he passed and repassed his own door without courage to enter; but seeing one of his former friends approaching, he chose the least of two evils, and went in. Along the dark hall and up the stairs he groped his way; opened the door of his wife's chamber, approached the bed, and, parting the curtains, passed his hand softly along it, for he expected to find his wife ill and weeping; he had found her so many a time in consequence of the failing of a new dress or hat to come home at a certain hour. She was not there, however, and, half afraid that she had gone home to her mother, he descended to the little back room which was now parlor, sitting-room, eating-room, and all. Feeling for the latch of the door, he groaned audibly, and as by magic the door flew open, and his wife stood before him, smiling and bright-cheeked, and with such sweet words of welcome as he had never heard her speak till then. The baby sat crowing his gladness in the cradle, and the fire threw its bright gleam over the pretty china of the table—all was neat and orderly, even tastefully arranged; and as Mr. Dexter looked around, he felt all the pride and happiness of a young husband on coming into his own house for the first time.

To the plain but good and sufficient supper both did ample justice; the husband had not

eaten the accustomed luncheon that day, and the wife had been busy and earned what she had seldom had before—an appetite.

The next day came a new trial—some trifling articles must be bought, and Mr. Dexter must drive the small open carriage himself. "I will wear my morning dress and veil," said Mrs. Dexter, for she saw that her husband was mortified for her sake; so they set forth together. The sun shone brightly, and the fresh air and various shows of the streets and windows were so exhilarating in their effect, that Mrs. Dexter soon threw back her veil, quite regardless of the astonished looks of the ladies she might meet. It was a new sensation of delight to the husband to manage the horses, and both felt what superfluities coach and coachman had been. Affairs went on very well for a time; they felt as if rid of a great burden, and in earnest and hopeful labor experienced no depression and no pain. But so deeply involved were they that even another coming down must be made. Horses, and carriage, and house, must be sold, and themselves be left with nothing in the world but their hearts and hands.

"My dear sweet wife, what can I say to comfort you?" said Mr. Dexter when he had made the confession of their extreme poverty. And he added, sighing and sinking down helplessly, "Things could not be worse than they are."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Dexter laughing outright; "for as nothing remains stationary in this world, our affairs must grow better from necessity."

"But, my dear, what can we do?" sorrowfully ejaculated the husband.

"Why," she replied, "begin to live, independent of burdens and restrictions. For my part, I just begin to see something to live for."

And drawing the easy chair to the fire, and placing the baby on his knee, she proposed to make for her husband a cup of tea and a piece of toast, in the hope of reviving his spirits.

There was no bread nor tea in the house, and, worse than all, no money. "Surely, then," said Mrs. Dexter, looking earnestly in the sad face of her husband, "there is no time to be lost;" and putting on shawl and bonnet she was presently gone from the house. When she returned, it was with a glow on her cheek that heightened her beauty far more than paint or powder had ever done. She had been selling her diamonds, and had brought home money enough to buy a cottage and ten acres of land within a few miles of the city where they had always lived.

A year went by, and as Mr. Dexter looked

about his neat, well-ordered house, as he sat before the blazing hickory logs, a pitcher of cider and a basin of shining apples on the table beside, and saw his wife, in a pretty chintz, making the tea, and his boy, bright-eyed and healthy, rocking himself in the cradle with a look of pride that he was already able to do something for himself, he was surprised at his own happiness, and exclaimed, "Really, my dear, I should never have learned half your excellent qualities, and, consequently, never have loved you half so well, but for our coming down."

"Coming down, indeed!" she replied, and, putting down the smoking teapot, she wiped the happy tears from her eyes; "I was never so happy in my life. It is as if we had removed a great heap of rubbish, and had struck a vein of pure gold; for what were all our useless forms, all our servants and equipages, but so many obstacles in the way of our knowing each other? Then there was nothing that I could do for you—now I can do every thing;" and almost sobbing, she continued, "if you call this coming down, I thank God for it, for it has, in truth, been coming down to usefulness and happiness. With what our friends called misfortunes, we were the gainers every time. Was it not pleasanter to ride in the open carriage, to see what was about us, and feel the air and sunshine, than to be shut up in the old, lumbering coach? And then to walk, and have the advantage of exercise as well as air, was better still; and now to work, and so get air and exercise, and be useful at the same time, is best of all. One room darkened another when we had a great house; now the light and sunshine comes in all round. Our expensive furniture required careful keeping; so I had the care both of furniture and servants; now I can keep the little we require myself, and what was before wearisome is pleasure. I have no ceremonious calls to use the time which I can pass in friendly interchange of thought and feeling, with neighbors who come to see me, and not my house or my dress. Believe me, my husband, we have enough—a house to shelter us, and one that is withal tasteful and pretty, and ground that gives us bread and fruit, and water and flowers—all for a little work; and that is the blesseddest of our provisions, for through no other means can we obtain rest."

"You are the best and noblest woman in the world," exclaimed the husband, interrupting her, "and but for you I should have come down in verity. Now I am convinced that, while we maintain honesty and self-respect, coming down is impossible."

It is sad to think of the great fine rooms, piled one over another, and darkening one against another—too costly for use, and too elegant for the free tread and merry laughter of inartificial joy—growing damp and moldy, and sending to the hearts of their inmates heaviness or stupidity, when we know they might be set up separately in bright green spots here and there, and make such little worlds of comforts. Pity it is that false notions of life, or, perhaps, the absence of any notions at all, are so enfeebling and degenerating our men and women! How shall I spend the time? and by what process shall I beat out my little gold so that it shall display the most glittering surface? are the first questions of the day.

THE GREAT SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

THE rock of Gibraltar, which among military men is regarded as the key to the Mediterranean, has been in the hands of the British for the period of one hundred and fifty years. It was in the year 1704 that the English, under Admiral Sir George Rooke, besieged and conquered it from the Spaniards, with the loss of about sixty killed and two hundred wounded. In the following year the Spaniards attempted to retake it, but in vain; they again attacked the fortress in 1727, when they lost three thousand men in an attempt equally futile. The great siege, however, which drew the attention of the whole world, owing to the magnitude of the operations carried on, and which by its result established the high reputation of the British as garrison soldiers, commenced in 1779, and endured till February, 1783.

The celebrated rock of Gibraltar—ancient *Mons Calpe*, one of the "pillars of Hercules"—forms a promontory connected with the continent by an isthmus of sand, and consists of a mass of gray limestone or marble, containing numerous caves, and about three miles in length, north to south, by from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in breadth; it rises abruptly to sixteen hundred feet above the sea, on all sides except the west, on which the town of Gibraltar is built. It is every-where fortified by works of amazing strength and extent; and besides these there are two galleries excavated in the rock, two miles in length, and of sufficient width to admit carriages; at its southern extremity—Europa Point—are a signal-house and a new light-house. Surface parched in dry weather, but after rain covered with vegetation. The town is built on the west

side, which shelves down to the bay; and here the fortifications have latterly been greatly improved and strengthened. Population—excluding garrison—about sixteen thousand. The principal street is one mile in length, well built, paved, and lighted, and many other thoroughfares have been widened of late; but the houses generally are unsuited to the climate, being constructed like those of England, and unfurnished with open courts and galleries, as in the Spanish town San Roque, five miles north-west. Principal edifices are the governor's house—attached to which are gardens—the admiralty, naval hospital, victualing office, barracks, cathedral, a modern semi-Moorish structure; and in the market-place, the exchange, with a library, club, and news-rooms. Here are a Roman Catholic church, Wesleyan chapel, and synagogue, and various subscription schools. Outside of the "south port" are the esplanade, the English cemetery, and a suburban residence of the governor. The harbor is good, and protected by two moles—one eleven hundred and the other seven hundred feet in length. Gibraltar was made a free port in 1704, and its trade is still considerable, though it has latterly suffered from the rivalry of Malta, Genoa, etc. Public revenue collected in the town about £30,000. Annual expense of garrison to Great Britain £200,000. Ordinances enacted by the governor alone, subject to the approval of the British sovereign through the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The salary of Governor and Commander-in-chief is £5,000, or \$25,000. His residence is in the fortress.

The court of Spain had never ceased to regret the loss of Gibraltar, and judging that a favorable opportunity for its recovery was presented by the war in which England was then engaged with France, they openly took part with that power, and declared hostilities by their ambassador on the 16th of June, 1779, closing the communication between Spain and Gibraltar a few days later. The force of the garrison under the command of General Elliot, then governor, amounted to little more than five thousand men, who were soon to be assailed by nearly seven times their number. Every thing was immediately placed upon a war footing, and every measure that could be devised was resorted to to procure provisions, which threatened to run short. The Spanish commodore, with a superior fleet, against which the small naval force protected by the guns of the garrison could attempt but little, was continually cruising in the neighborhood; and if supplies were obtained from the usual sources, it must be by the superior navigation,

gallantry, audacity, and good fortune of captains bold enough to make the attempt.

Soon after the declaration of war, the Spaniards, whose design appeared at first that of compelling surrender by famine, commenced the structure of most formidable and extensive works upon the isthmus, erecting tremendous batteries which commanded the town, the inhabitants of which, anticipating a bombardment, removed their most valuable property to temporary stores erected for its reception in places of comparative safety. The stolid patience and endurance of the enemy in the preparation of their enormous batteries augured ill for the garrison. The hostile army increased in numbers as their works advanced in extent; yet still, week after week, and month after month, although annoyed day and night by the fire of the garrison, which poured shot and shell upon their working parties, and repeatedly set fire to their works, they labored steadily on, in spite of the slaughter made in their ranks, without returning the fire, save in some very trifling and exceptional instances. In fact, six months passed before a single person on the rock was wounded, and, strange to relate, the first partaker of this melancholy lot was a woman. Toward the close of 1779 famine began to be felt, especially by the unfortunate townspeople, who had neglected to make provision for the siege. In January, 1780, one woman died of want; food of all kinds was sold at most extravagant prices; three hundred per cent. was the average profit reaped by the daring fellows, who, running the gauntlet of the enemy's fleet, succeeded in arriving with a cargo; but in making the attempt many lost their vessels and some their lives. About this time the Governor made experiments as to the minimum quantity of food upon which life could be sustained, and lived himself for some time on four ounces of rice daily! Fortunately toward the spring of this year, the Spaniards relaxed in their blockade, and supplies were more regularly obtained. During the whole of this year the enemy were employed in completing their works, under the occasional fire of the British, which was not continuous, from the fear entertained lest the ammunition should run short. This long interval was marked by many exploits on the part of the little navy co-operating with the Governor under the command of Admiral Duff, upon whose courage and devotion the beleaguered garrison were very greatly dependent for supplies.

The garrison had been partially relieved by the arrival of Sir George Rodney, in January, 1780, and it was reported that the Spaniards

had resolved to bombard the town by means of their newly erected works, in case a second relief should be attempted. The officers of the fortress placed little faith in this report, supposing humanely that, as the destruction of the town, though it would inflict indescribable calamities upon the inhabitants, who were non-combatants, would in no way assist or accelerate the fall of the place, the besiegers would from motives of mercy refrain from such an act. In this view, unhappily, they were mistaken. On the morning of the 12th of April, 1781, a fleet under the command of Admiral Darby hove in sight, leading a convoy of above a hundred vessels for the provisioning of Gibraltar. In spite of the opposition of the Spanish navy, the fleet and convoy came safe to anchor about eleven o'clock; but while the wretched and half-starved inhabitants were congratulating one another on this welcome supply, the Spaniards suddenly opened a tremendous fire upon the town, and from above a hundred pieces of heavy artillery at once poured in such a prodigious storm of shot and shell, as sent old and young, men, women, and children, flying in a panic of terror for the shelter of caves and holes in the rocks, leaving their property behind them. In this sudden calamity the sordid and avaricious suffered their deserts—the large quantities of food which they had hoarded in the face of the famine, to secure a higher price, being seized by the soldiers of the garrison and applied to their own use.

Notwithstanding the bombardment, which continued from day to day, the stores were all safely landed in the course of eight or nine days. Affairs began now, however, to wear a very different aspect to what they had hitherto borne. The cannonade from the Spaniards rarely relaxed, and only ceased altogether for about a couple of hours at noon, when, indulging their national habit, they took their siesta or midday sleep—a custom they observed throughout the whole of the siege. The result of this continuous fire was a sad series of casualties, or the distribution of wounds and sudden death among the soldiers and inhabitants. The range of the enemy's guns proved upon trial far superior to the estimate the British had formed of them. Shells were thrown to the very summit of the rock from immense distances; they entered the officers' quarters, and maimed and slew them as they sat in fancied security; they penetrated the hospitals, and killed and wounded the sick in their beds; the town soon became a heap of ruins, and the townspeople were compelled to encamp in tents on the south side of the rock.

To the fire of the enemy's land batteries was

now added that of a fleet of gun and mortar-boats, which came regularly every evening, and for an hour or two launched their contribution of two or three hundred shot and shell against the defenses of the place. These boats were a source of perpetual annoyance and loss to the garrison, and though their fire was returned, yet from the smallness of the mark which they presented to our gunners, they are supposed to have escaped with comparative impunity. In order to retaliate effectively, and possibly with a view of deterring the boats from their daily attack, the Governor began the practice of opening a smart fire upon the camp from one of his most formidable batteries, whenever the boats began their assaults—a plan which may have avenged the sufferings they inflicted, but did not abate the annoyance. The fire of the Spaniards upon the fortress underwent every possible variation throughout the summer and autumn of this year—sometimes amounting to above fifteen hundred rounds in twenty-four hours, and sometimes consisting of only three shots. In November it was observed to slacken materially, and it soon appeared that this was owing to the erection of new works of a formidable nature, which were advancing rapidly toward completion. The Governor resolved to destroy these works by a sortie—a step so audacious and apparently desperate, that the Spaniards had never conceived it practicable, and consequently were not on their guard against it. On the night of the 27th of November, a detachment of something over two thousand men marched out, under cover of darkness, in three columns, and preserving a rigid silence, came suddenly upon the guard, whom they assaulted with the bayonet, and, putting them to the route, took possession of the works which were the object of the attack. In less than an hour they had set fire to the whole of the works, blown up the magazines, and spiked the mortars and cannon, inflicting a loss upon the enemy of above a million of dollars, besides a considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The destroyed batteries continued burning for three days, and when they ceased to smoke nothing but a heap of ruins remained.

The Spaniards seemed panic-struck by this daring exploit, and made no attempt to extinguish the fire. The following month, however, they resumed their spirit, and commenced repairing the mischief, and soon after planned the construction of new works. It was their custom to labor by night, while it was that of the garrison to attempt to destroy in the daytime the work they had accomplished in the dark. It

was not only on the land side that the Spaniards sought to increase their besieging force. In the port of Algesiras, on the opposite coast of the Bay of Gibraltar, preparations were constantly making for additional means of assault by sea, and reinforcements of war vessels arrived from time to time. New gun-boats were built, and defensive works erected on the shore.

On the 23d of March, 1782, the "Vernon" store-ship arrived at Gibraltar, bringing gun-boats and ammunition for the garrison. She was followed shortly after by the Cerberus and Apollo frigates, with four transports, having the 97th regiment on board, numbering seven hundred men, a reinforcement greatly needed. During this spring and summer the bombarding on the land side abated considerably, and the Governor took advantage of this circumstance to put the whole of his defenses in an admirable condition of repair. It was evident, not merely from this comparative lull, but from the activity displayed at the port of Algesiras, that a grand and united attack was contemplated, and it behooved the British to be well prepared to meet it. They could see the large battering ships which were building, six of which were completed by the beginning of June, and others were in a state of forwardness. As they built new ships, the Governor erected new batteries, and having learned by experience the deadly effect of the enemy's fire, he caused covered ways to be constructed, shell-proof. On the 11th of June a shell from the enemy burst through the door of a magazine, which instantly blew up with an explosion so terrible as to shake the whole rock, fragments of large size being thrown by it to an incredible distance into the sea. Fourteen men were killed on the spot, and fifteen more badly wounded. A few days after this misfortune the camp of the enemy was augmented by the arrival of French regiments to the number of five thousand men, and every thing betokened the approach of an important crisis. On the 21st two Genoese prisoners escaped to the garrison, and brought news that the grand attack was fixed for September, but that all about to be engaged in it were much averse to the enterprise. On the evening of the following day, the Duc de Crillon, who had lately gained a brilliant reputation by the conquest of Minorca, arrived to take the command of the combined army, and to achieve, as was expected, the reduction of Gibraltar.

The plan of attack had been contrived by M. D'Arcon, a French engineer, and it was at his suggestion that the great battering ships were constructed, upon principles supposed to be both

impregnable and incombustible: they were of a strength and solidity hitherto unparalleled, and were completely roofed and walled in on the exposed side with defenses six or seven feet in thickness, consisting of green timber bolted together with iron, cork, junk, and raw hides, and made bomb-proof on the top. These would discharge shot and shell from between two and three hundred guns of largest caliber, and be seconded by a squadron of about thirty men-of-war, and a whole fleet of gun and mortar-boats, bomb-ketches, and floating batteries. This prodigious assault by sea was to be accompanied simultaneously by a grand attack from the land batteries on the isthmus, while an army of forty thousand men in camp were ready at any moment to take advantage of any opportunity for landing and carrying the fortress by storm. The effective strength of the garrison, although it had been considerably reinforced, consisted of barely seven thousand men; but, nothing daunted by the threatened destruction, the Governor calmly took his measures for the coming crisis. Toward the end of July the garrison were inspirited by the news of Admiral Rodney's great victory in the West Indies, where the French fleet had been totally defeated, and suffered the loss of their admiral and his ship, the "Ville de Paris." An animated fire was now kept up upon the enemy's works, both by day and night, and it was known from the reports of deserters who came in that they suffered cruelly by it. As affairs drew to a head, the utmost activity prevailed on either side, the noise and bustle of preparation never ceasing for a moment. The Duc de Crillon assumed the command early in August, and chivalrously wrote a complimentary letter to General Elliot, his sturdy foe, accompanying it with a handsome present of fruit, vegetables, game, and other delicacies, of which he knew the General must stand in need. The General replied in the same courteous spirit, but cautiously deferred the establishment of a private friendship till the interests of his royal master should have been worthily vindicated.

By the beginning of September the enemy's works on the land side had advanced to a degree of perfection which the garrison regarded with feelings the reverse of pleasant. On the forenoon of the 6th Lieutenant-General Boyd proposed to the Governor to try the use of red-hot shot against the newly erected batteries. The Governor assented, and the necessary preparations being made, the attack commenced on the morning of the 8th. The result exceeded the most sanguine expectations; in a few hours two

of the hostile batteries were on fire, and, in spite of all exertions to extinguish them, they were totally consumed before night. It is supposed that the Spaniards lost in this single cannonade above three hundred men in killed and wounded. This unlooked-for check galled the enemy, and provoked him to immediate retaliation. The next morning at daybreak he opened fire upon the rock from the whole of his lines, and in the course of that day and the following night launched upon the British defenses nearly eight thousand shot and shell exclusive of those fired from the men-of-war and mortar-boats. This tremendous cannonade was continued with varying intensity, and amidst it all the utmost efforts were making for the completion of the formidable battering ships, to the instrumentality of which they looked for final success. On the morning of the 12th the combined fleet came in sight, and in the afternoon were all at anchor in the bay, ready for the assault. At seven in the morning of the 13th the dreaded battering ships got under weigh, and bore down to their several stations; and now commenced the fearful and decisive struggle which was to decide the fate of Gibraltar.

The huge floating forts took up a position at from nine hundred to twelve hundred yards from the garrison. When the first dropped her anchors, the British commenced their fire. In ten minutes the enemy were all moored, and then their fire became tremendous; from above four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery, including both land and sea batteries, descended a blinding shower of shots and shells, furnishing a scene to which no powers of description could do adequate justice, and no imagination realize unaided by the recollections of experience. The chief hope of the garrison lay in their red-hot shot, which, however, from want of timely preparation, they could not bring into general use till near two o'clock in the day. The battering ships were found truly formidable; the largest shells rebounded harmless from their roofs, and the heaviest shot made no impression upon their hulls; while from the effects of their fire the casualties of the British were serious and distressing. For many hours the attack and defense were both so well supported that success on either side hung doubtful, the solid construction of the ships seeming to bid defiance to the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, when the supply of red-hot shot became abundant, things began to assume a different aspect. Smoke appeared issuing from the flag-ship, and the admiral's second was also seen to be on fire. Confusion ensued,

their cannonade abated, and, save from one or two ships at a great distance, ceased altogether. Signals of distress were hoisted, and boats were seen to row to their assistance. Darkness came down upon their calamity, and as the artillery of the garrison poured in its iron storm upon the frenzied and helpless crews, an indistinct clamor of lamentable cries and groans arose from all quarters. Pieces of wreck, crowded with drowning wretches, floated to the shore, and others were dimly seen struggling for life in the troubled waters. About an hour after midnight the nearest battering ship burst into flames, and was soon in one blaze from stem to stern; the light she afforded enabled the garrison to fire with the utmost precision, and to consummate the awful ruin of which she was an example. Between three and four o'clock six others of these huge vessels were on fire. The Governor now ordered Brigadier Curtis to sally out with his gun-boats, to complete the confusion of the enemy. He made a capture of two boats filled with men endeavoring to escape, and learning from them the horrible condition of their friends on board, devoted the remainder of the night to saving as many as he could from their impending fate. He succeeded in bringing off three hundred and forty-five men from the burning ships. Notwithstanding his efforts, however, vast numbers were left to perish; and the scene now exhibited was one of the most heart-rending description—men crying from the midst of flames for pity and assistance, and others imploring relief with the most frantic gesticulations.

On the morning of the 14th six of the battering ships were in flames; three of them blew up before eleven o'clock; the three others burnt to the water's edge, their magazines having been flooded. It was thought that the other two might be saved as trophies; but one of them blew up suddenly, and the other, from motives of caution, was burnt by order of the Governor. Thus, in a few short hours that tremendous armament, which had cost so much to prepare, and to which the enemies of England looked exultantly for her humiliation, was annihilated. The loss of the combined forces in this attempt was not less than two thousand men, while that of the garrison was but fifteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. The men who were saved from the burning wrecks complained bitterly of the conduct of their chief officers, who had abandoned them to their fate so soon as the danger became imminent. They had been led to believe that the battering ships were invulnerable, and had been further taught that the garrison

would not be able to fire many rounds of hot balls.

This defeat, the most remarkable to be met with in the history of besieging forces, though it did not terminate the siege of Gibraltar, may be said to have established that fortress in the permanent possession of the English. Though the Spaniards continued to annoy the garrison from the isthmus, they never afterward entertained the hope of success. News of peace arrived in February of the following year, when both parties, weary of the woes and miseries of a protracted war, were but too glad to meet once more on terms of friendship.

The above is a short summary of what may be termed the military history of the siege of Gibraltar. If we turn from its warlike and historical aspects to contemplate the social and individual miseries of which it was the fruitful occasion, we shall see helpless women and children reduced to the last straits of famine, dashed to pieces by cannon shot, or blown to atoms by the bursting shell, and driven to holes and caves of the rocks for shelter from the ruthless storm beneath which their homes were crumbling into dust. We shall see the timid and helpless, frenzied with the roar of the thunderous artillery, and the sight of the ruin descending upon them, purchasing shelter from the Jews and ruined tradespeople, who, having lost all other property, made a capital of these rude strongholds, and at the hazard of their lives insured their safety by covering with wet hides the fallen shells ere they had time to explode. We shall see the closest social bonds rent asunder by abject misery and still more abject fear; and sordid avarice grimly at work amidst the infernal wreck and din, gathering a rich harvest from man's despair. Worst of all, we shall see human life reduced to a terrible discount, and all that makes life instrumental to the happiness of man or the glory of his Maker banished from the scene.

Of the extreme personal misery endured by both sides during the protracted and horrible struggle, some faint idea may be formed from the numerous desertions which were constantly taking place. Almost daily deserters came in from the enemy's lines, and these described the fearful carnage produced by the fire of the garrison, and the unbearable fatigues they were compelled to endure in repairing the mischief it occasioned; to escape these horrors by desertion, they ran the most fearful risks, and numbers of them were shot dead by their own comrades in making the attempt. On the other hand, desertions from the garrison were only less frequent

because more difficult of accomplishment. The only mode of escape was down the precipitous front of the rock which faced the isthmus; the attempt was nothing short of madness, yet numbers, cutting their clothing into strips, trusted their weight to that frail support, and were dashed to pieces; their mangled bodies, when found, were brought into the garrison and exhibited as a warning to others. Sometimes a poor wretch would succeed in getting as far as a cavern about half way down, and after starving there till the pangs of hunger and thirst compelled him to cry for assistance, would be drawn up with a rope and led off to execution.

As a relief to these revolting details, it is pleasant to recur to some of the many acts of noble and self-denying courage afforded by the records of the siege. Thus, when an officer of artillery, observing a shell falling toward the place where he stood, leaped into an excavation to avoid it, and was followed into his retreat by the shell itself, a man of the name of Martin dragged him out, at the imminent risk of his own life, but an instant before the shell burst! Another man, named Hartley, was engaged in the laboratory filling shells, when by some unaccountable accident one of them took fire; had he followed the natural impulse, and ran away from the danger, the whole laboratory would have blown up, numbers of lives would have been sacrificed, and the loss of ammunition to the garrison would have been irreparable. With astonishing coolness he seized the lighted shell, carried it in his arms to a place where it could do no mischief, and had not parted with it two seconds before it exploded harmlessly!

A somewhat singular feature observable in the whole conduct of the attack and defense of Gibraltar was the maintenance of a certain spirit of chivalry and honor on both sides, contrasting advantageously with the merciless details we read of in connection with sieges of an earlier date. Prisoners were constantly exchanged, without much reference either to number or grade; intercepted correspondence, not relating to the war, was politely transmitted under a flag of truce; the wives of soldiers taken prisoners were well treated, and forwarded, when opportunity offered, to their husbands; and when the body of a Spanish gentleman was washed ashore on the rock, his gold watch and purse of pistoles, found upon him, were conveyed to his friends after he had been buried with the honors of war. This astonishing defense of the fortress cost the British less than a thousand lives.—*London Leisure Hour.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I SAW the temple reared by the hand of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain: the stream beat upon it—the god of nature hurled its thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was in its hall—the gay, the young, the happy, and beautiful were there.

I turned and the temple was no more—its high walls scattered in ruins, the moss and ivy grass grew wildly there, and at midnight hour the owl's cry added to the desolation of the scene—the young and the gay, who had reveled there, had passed away.

I saw the child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his father. I returned, and the child had become old. Trembling with weight of years he stood, the last of his generation—a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw an oak stand in all its pride on the mountain; the birds were caroling on its boughs. I returned—the oak was leafless and sapless—the winds were playing their pastime through the branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new-made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall roll the heaven and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot upon the land, and one upon the sea, lift up his head toward heaven and heaven's Eternal, and say, 'Time is, Time was, Time shall be no longer!'"—*Paulding.*

ARAB ODDITIES.

AN Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks their cows upon their left side. Writing a letter, he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. With him the point of a pin is its head, while its head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left, but figures are read from left to right. He eats almost

nothing for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but, after the work of the day is done, sits down to a hot meal, swimming in oil, or, better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of the house wait till his lordship is done. He rides his donkey when traveling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating a seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, and fireplaces may be put in the same category. If he be an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his toes to hold what his hands are engaged upon. Is rarely seen drunk, too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred. Has little curiosity, and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

THE AFFLICTED FLOWER.

BY SERENNA BALDWIN.

Saw I in a garden walk,
Bending low upon its stalk,
Bending low, a lovely flower,
Beat down by a sudden shower.
Bathed in tears, upon her bed,
Mournfully the flow'ret said,
"O, I had much rather die,
Than in such distress to lie,
With my leaves and flowers so torn
By the wind and pelting storm!
I had watched, with growing pride,
One bud of beauty by my side,
Till its silken vest was seen
Peeping through its coat of green;
And now to have it rudely broken,
Just as it began to open!
Never was a bud so fine—
Never was a grief like mine.
Here in stateliness and pride,
With its branches spreading wide,
Stands a rank, luxurious weed,
Full of blossoms, buds, and seed,
While my little tender flower
Must be broken by a shower.
What is now the world to me,
Dew or sunshine, bird or bee?"

* * *
Soon the gard'ner pass'd along,
Took the weed with hand so strong,
Pulled its root from out the ground,
Lest it should scatter seed around;
Lifted up the flow'ret's head,
Fixed her root firm in the bed;
Then there came a cooling breeze,
Fanned and lifted up her leaves,

And the sun sent down a shower
Of beams to cheer the drooping flower.
Soon there seemed an added grace
Beaming sweetly from her face:
Then a gentle whispering gale
Bore her fragrance down the vale,
And many snuffed the scented air,
Rejoiced to find such sweetness there;
And much they blessed the cooling shower
And the sweet incense of the flower.

AILEE.

BY KATE BRADFORD.

Sweet as the breath of midsummer air,
Grateful as answer of peace to prayer,
Brighter than isles of the southern sea,
Come to my spirit dreams of Ailee.
Pure as the lily kissed by the wave,
Sparkles the snow-sheet spread o'er thy grave;
Purer than lily, as snow can be,
Glitter thy robes, love-shrouded Ailee.
As the white mist round the trees stealing,
Lends to each grace sweeter revealing,
So through the death-vail thrown over thee
Shineth strange beauty, peerless Ailee!
Warbles canary, trills thy guitar,
Asks thy rosebush of sunbeam and star,
Sigheth each breeze to the lone elm-tree,
"Where can have stray'd our gentle Ailee?"
When, as a blushing, beautiful bride,
Spring from the bosom of Winter shall glide,
Forest, hill-side, and flowery lea,
Will miss thy glad step, angel Ailee.
Where the archangels lowest bow,
Sweep thou the harp-strings ungrieving now;
'Mid the beatified evermore free,
Praiseth the spirit of ransomed Ailee.

SONNET.

LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET OF WORMS.

"Here I stand; I can not change: God help me!"

BY MARY E. FRY.

BROKE ever words from lips of mortal one,
Clothed with such earnest might and power,
As thou didst utter in that soul-tried hour
When all thy earthly work seem'd well nigh done!
O had thy soul no secret fears to quell
When summons came to meet that august throng,
Whose nod thy life could shorten or prolong!
Ah, not to Him "who doeth all things well"
Thy steadfast soul in living faith was bow'd.
Here lay to skeptic man the hidden source
From whence sprang all thy greatness, all thy might
To brave earth's tyrants, and roll back the cloud
Which strove to shroud the world in moral night,
And close between man and God free intercourse.

WOMAN AND FLOWERS.

BY CELESTIA RICE COLBY.

"Blessed be God for flowers!
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts, that breathe
From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours!"

"NO marvel woman should love flowers." A taste for flowers and a love for the beautiful, as exhibited in the wonders of creative power, are evidences of a refined and sensitive nature, and peculiar traits of character which distinguish man from the lower order of animals. The ox or horse may roam at will among earth's fairest scenes—may graze among flowery vales and cultivated fields, or browse in the wilderness, and be alike unconscious of nature's charms. The beauty of the landscape inspires within them no thrill of delight; they turn not aside to admire the blushing rose or inhale its fragrance, and crush without emotion the gay cowslip and meek-eyed violet beneath their careless hoof, and nip the grass and daisies, too, in their eager haste for food. This single desire gratified, they lie down in the green pastures, not to enjoy the fair scene stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and bounded only where the blue sky embraces the green hills, but to a dreamless slumber. The changing seasons, with their panorama of beauty, have no peculiar charm for them. The melody and fragrance of spring find no inlet into their darkened understanding, and awaken within them no responsive echo.

"But man superior walks,
And muses lively gratitude."

Though the love for the beautiful and a taste for flowers may be modified by circumstances, and varied by the ever-varying shades of character and mental culture, yet the lowest intellect and most sensual mind are at times susceptible to the sweet influences of these silent teachers. True, all may not gaze upon them with a poet's rapture, nor contemplate their loveliness with a philosophic eye; yet we think there is no being who bears the impress of humanity upon his brow that is wholly incapable of appreciating the silent influence of flowers. They are God's own missionaries; and they speak to a fallen race of peace and purity, and faintly shadow forth the glories of the "better land," where no blighting frosts mar their beauty. They come to us in mercy; and happy is he who heeds their gentle errand, and opens his heart to their instructive lessons. They come to *all*; the high and low, the rich and poor, the bond and the free,

feel the sunlight which they fling freely and constantly around them.

Even the idiot is sometimes charmed with their beauty, and a ray of light penetrates the darkness which envelops his soul—a ray from the fountain of light whose source is God. The raving maniac is often calmed by the inspiration of their presence, and gazes with childlike wonder and affection upon their fairy forms and delicate tints, and crowns herself with fresh garlands, and converses with them as with the friends she has known and loved, and lost. The oppressed slave, the rude, untutored son of the forest, may feel an indefinable thrill of pleasure as their eyes rest upon the verdant beauty of spring, and behold Nature's emerald robe embroidered with buds and blossoms of every form and hue; and the hardy sons of toil who labor for their daily bread will pause to admire the single wild flower which springs up along the dusty wayside, and an influence, pure, subtle, and ethereal as the aroma of its breath, may silently leave its impress upon their souls.

Thus the love of flowers seems to be a universal sentiment of the human heart, more or less developed in different individuals; yet the living germ exists in every mind. Man may admire them for their beauty and fragrance; but *woman loves them* for the poetry which they breathe, the glowing thoughts they bring. To her they have a language expressive of the loftiest thoughts of the intellect, the noblest sentiment of the heart, the deepest emotion of the soul. To her listening spirit their "voiceless lips" are eloquent teachers, silently proclaiming the wisdom and goodness of Him who has clothed the earth with beauty as with a garment, who has made the waste places and the desert glad with his presence, and caused the wilderness to bud and "blossom as the rose," and the vernal grass, and gay dandelion, and modest violet to adorn the dusty wayside of daily toil, to cheer the desponding soul with a glimpse of heaven.

It is woman's province to multiply the sources of beauty and pleasure around her home, and this may be effectually performed by cultivating the rich and fragrant flowers which nature has strewn with lavish profusion over the earth. No desert is so barren that it is not graced by their presence; no vale so fair that its beauty is not enhanced by their loveliness. If her home is one of luxury and refinement, they may minister to her pride, and costly exotics and rare blossoms from sunny climes may reward her fostering care, and flourish as luxuriantly in her parlor or conservatory as beneath the genial sun

of the tropics, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who behold their marvelous beauty.

If her sphere is among the poor and lowly, her daily life one of toil and poverty, even here countless blossoms deck the sward and perfume the passing zephyr with the rich odor of their breath. Here the blue-eyed violet springs up among the withered leaves like hope among the ruins of the past, and turns its trusting eye heavenward, like Faith smiling through her tears, and silently whispers to the saddened hearts of earth's weary wanderers of a home of purity and joy. Here, too, the "lily of the field," arrayed in its robe of more than imperial splendor, arrests her attention, and leads her to "consider" the sublime lesson of trust and dependence upon that Power which has clothed even the flower of the grass with the most delicate form of beauty, and given the whole floral race a voice which thrills her inmost soul with emotions unutterable. Her cottage-home may boast of no attractions to gratify the eye of taste and refinement; though naked walls and uncarpeted floors greet her eyes, instead of the rare paintings and rich Brussels of the more fortunate; yet the warm sunlight and balmy air comes with a blessing to her humble home, and she fills her simple vases with fresh flowers, glistening with the pearly dew, nor sighs for a more costly ornament either for kitchen or parlor. At eventide she sits by her open window, and her heart sends up the incense of praise to her heavenly Father, as her pleased eye rests upon the glowing outline of a landscape more beautiful than mortal artist has ever traced upon the snowy canvas. She watches the fleecy drapery of the skies, as the gorgeous tints of sunset one after one disappear and fade away into the somber hues of evening, and hails with delight the coming of the first star that twinkles on the "ebon brow" of night; the evening zephyr is wafted by her on its health-giving mission, freighted with the perfume of the night-blooming flowers—

"From timid jasmin buds that keep
Their odors to themselves all day;
But when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about;"

and she feels a buoyancy of spirit which the votary of fashion seldom enjoys.

Her life may be spent in a secluded vale, shut out from the privileges of civilized life, and far from the "sound of a church-going bell," where the voice of no living teacher has proclaimed the existence of a God, or spoke of his wisdom and goodness; yet even there, in the solitude and

silence of the untrodden forest, she may lean her ear in the "secret places," and his *works* shall praise him—the lofty trees of the forest shall "clap their hands" and rejoice, and the sweet wild flower spring up at her feet, and whisper of the power, wisdom, and benevolence of nature's God, and her soul shall respond in accents of grateful praise to the great Author of all good.

Was it a mere poetic fancy which ascribed to flowers a mystic language expressive of the changeful emotions of the human heart? or has the God of nature made them messengers of his love, and given them a voice to proclaim his truth? The wayward fancy of man has not only ascribed to them the sentiments of goodness and purity, of love and tenderness, but has also given them a voice expressive of the baser passions of our nature—of anger, pride, and jealousy. Not thus does the unsophisticated heart of nature's child translate their unwritten lore. To her they are the *poetry of earth*, pure and unsullied as the Author. Is she happy? They are her companions—God's smile of universal benevolence, given to bless every human being. Does her spirit sink beneath the pressure of adverse circumstances, and give way to doubt and despondency? They come with the balm of sympathy to her wounded heart, and hope is born anew, as even from the flower of the grass comes up the cheering tone, "Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" And she treads the thorny path of life with a firmer step, grateful for the wayside flowers which refresh her weary soul like a gleam of light from the far-off land.

Has she seen her cherished "olive plants" wither and decay beneath the blighting touch of disease, and laid their precious forms in the silent tomb? "She goes to the grave to weep there;" and from the dark mold which covers the pulseless heart the violet and amaranth proclaim the *resurrection*, and typify the immortality of the soul; she feels assured that she shall be reunited with the dear ones who have gone before, and greet their happy spirits in the realms of endless bliss, and her tears of sorrow are mingled with the pearls of rejoicing, as she looks forward to a reunion in heaven.

◆

God gives riches to the world, but stores up his treasures of wholesome afflictions for his children.—Wesley.

TREATMENT OF BOOKS.

WHAT is a book? such a book as we are willing to make, and do make, the companion of our solitary and reflecting hours? If it be good for any thing—if it be really worthy of the name of a book—it can be nothing less than the intellectual or spiritual part of some man, or of some woman, excelling in some way, more or less remarkable, the mass of other men and women in the world. In cases, happily for mankind almost numberless, a book is some gloriously great or good man—all except the merely material and corruptible part of him—redeemed from the conditions of decay and death, and commissioned henceforth to dwell among us, like a beneficent angel from heaven, an ever-present minister, it may be, of usefulness, or of brotherly love and divine charity. What a world is the book world! what an illustrious companionship does it offer for the gratification of our social and spiritual instincts and likings! The great, the brave, the self-sacrificing—the oppressed and their deliverers—the sages, the instructors, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, live again in books, and reveal to us, in the seclusion of our chambers and firesides, what were the thoughts and motives of their secret lives—why they lived laborious days and spurned the tempting delights of sense—what was the spiritual atmosphere in which they breathed—what the secret source of endeavor, never slackening till the goal was won.

Books, like men, have a twofold nature: paper, print, and binding are their bodily substances, and the thoughts that breathe along their pages may be called their spirit. And since we would be loth to abuse our living friend and benefactor, or his dead remains, we ought not to abuse a book—which brings us to the subject of our paper—the treatment of books—the treatment, be it understood, not critically by rules of logic, or analytically by rules of criticism, but commonsensically by rule of thumb.

Dr. Johnson rarely read a book without thumbing, twisting, pulling, hauling, and crushing it into a state of dislocation utterly hopeless, as though he had determined to wring its essence out of it, as men do perfumes from flowers, by squeezing them to death; so that those who had the misfortune to lend him a volume rarely knew it again after it had escaped the tortures of *his* inquisition. We do not think the example of the great lexicographer, in this particular, worthy of imitation; and to those who presume to follow it, in regard either to their own books or those of their friends,

we would suggest that they are in fairness bound to write a folio dictionary before they lay claim to the privilege. The whole Chinese nation have a reverence, almost amounting to a religious sentiment, for even the slightest scrap of written or printed paper, and would account it, if not as a species of criminality, at least as a sign of moral depravity, that any man should willfully injure a book. We must confess to something approaching to Chinese in our feelings on this matter. The sight of a dog's-eared treatise brings on the symptoms of melancholy, and the spectacle of an unfortunate volume with its back broken and half its sheets "started," or of one crippled into a state of rickets by a lazy, one-handed reader, or of one which has been knocked or kicked about till its corners are all uncornered, arouse our resentment against the perpetrators of the injustices.

Some persons never lose the habit they acquired at the dame-school, where they learned to spell a, b, ab; and b, a, ba; and to the end of their lives hold their books by sheer force of thumb pressed between the margins at the foot of the page. If this class of persons read much, which they never do, their books would perish by the tortures of the thumb-screw.

Books suffer from neglect as well as ill-usage. Damp is a great destroyer, and often works irretrievable ruin while not at all suspected. Rows of volumes get put away, and shelved in cupboards, in bed-rooms, or stair-closets, against the party-walls, and when they reappear show as if struck by leprosy—being sprinkled through with moldy, saffron-colored spots: this is particularly the case with such as are illustrated with copper-plates—the plate-paper, which is but a thick kind of white blotting-paper, having a strong affinity for latent moisture.

Books should be handled tenderly; it should be remembered that their nerves and sinews are but sewing-thread and thin glue, and that they are not brick-bats. They should never be forced open too wide—should not be swung by a single cover—not thumbled like a child's primer—not folded down at the corners to mark where the reader left off—not ground beneath the elbow—not consigned to the mercy of pitch-and-toss accidents. If they be good books—and if they be bad their owner is a bad man, and the sooner he gets rid of them the better—they have a solid right to good treatment, and should have it.

We are justified in presuming that the generality of our readers are lovers of books, and, therefore, that they will take these hints in good part, and profit by them.

PICTURES WITHOUT FRAMES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

THE countenance is the title-page to the book of the soul, and it may also be regarded as the *preface*—a portion of the work which we should, by no means, leave unread.

As without the sun there could be no sunlight, so without Christ there can be no Christians. And as the sun's rays enlighten and enliven the world—although they are not the sun—so Christians, too, are the light and life of the world.

A noble mind weighed down and obscured by suffering, may be likened to one of the plain wooden clocks of our forefathers' days. A glance at the outside discloses nothing brilliant or beautiful; naught strikes the eye but the dark heavy weights which give it motion. But for usefulness these are the best of clocks.

With our finite understandings we comprehend sacred things just as a child, which has just acquired a knowledge of the alphabet, might be supposed to read a volume. What manner of insight into its contents would it have?

How frequently, in the course of our lives, do we gain an experience by the loss of a pleasure?

As we may notice, even in a calm, by the inclination of the trees in a forest, from which side come the fiercest and most frequent blasts of the storm, so an attentive observer of men may easily distinguish from what quarter have set the heaviest gales of passion.

Beneath what a load of worldliness and worldly cares is the soul of the Christian often buried; and how anxiously and perseveringly he struggles to penetrate the mist to return again into the bright, clear light of heaven! Yet, at other times, how easily and by what trifling matters we allow ourselves to be led away from God!

A noble person needs but a plain garment to set it off; a beautiful picture requires but a simple frame; a great thought is best dressed in the simplest language. But all these need a spirit of understanding to be appreciated.

Our thoughts should depend from our souls as leaves from a tree—so natural, so unconstrainedly ornamental, so easily stirred, so closely connected, so entirely one in nature. And like leaves upon a tree, when the storm-wind rushes through them, we shall see only the sickly, the pale, and the dead fall to the ground.

Why does the irresistible hand of fate lay such numbers prostrate in the dust? Is it not because it finds so many endeavoring to stand up—so few upon their knees?

The soul which loves the Savior enjoys the beauties and bounties of this life to a degree and with a relish unknown to the worldling. It is as if the talented author of a beautiful work should present to a friend a copy of his book as a gift of love. The latter would enjoy the rich contents in common with the great public. But aside and beyond this, would he not have another and especial joy in feeling himself the possessor of the author's love? And the last is surely the greatest pleasure.

Men of great genius but little heart, are they not like unto the aurora borealis, whose magnificence awes the arctic voyager to silence? But for what are they good? With all their splendor they cause no flower to bloom; in all their light there is no life.

The evils of life may be likened to comets. Like these they bear after them a long train. Like these, too, they seem to wander through the boundless space of our being, pathless and objectless, creatures of chance. Yet are they both alike in the hands of the Creator.

Men of great erudition and immense acquirements may be likened to the ocean, the receptacle into which flow the waters of many noble rivers and extensive lakes, but which is not, after all, itself a living fountain or spring. They are living halls, within whose recesses are gathered together the facts of the world. But a walk within their silent precincts is for the Christian, often enough, a walk amid the dead.

When the life of the oyster sickens and suffers it is turned to a precious pearl. So with the Christian; through much suffering and tribulation he enters the kingdom of heaven, to become a precious jewel in the crown of the Savior.

What an abyss we find between knowing and doing, and how frequently do we find ourselves standing midway, like marksmen, seeing our aim fairly, yet never hitting it!

Our journey through life may be compared to the ascent of a mountain. We aim high, but how frequently with, at first, but indistinct ideas of the goal which we are attempting to reach! And, accordingly, when we have reached what, to our human understanding, appears a very gratifying elevation, and begin to look about us for a fine view to reward the arduousness of our efforts, alas! at once we find ourselves surrounded by clouds, and lost in fog and mist. And then what longing, wishful looks we cast back toward the green valleys of our childhood, when the soft warmth of the sun, the sweet perfume of flowers, the music of the gurgling brook filled us with peace and gladness! But onward is the word.

Our goal is not of sweet memories or soft longings. Onward, ever onward, and upward, over rock and brier, through storm, and mist, and clouds, till we have placed all beneath us! We may not have intended to go so far when we commenced. Neither did the first disciples of our Savior. Yet he that endureth to the end shall receive the crown of everlasting life.

A soul at the point of departure from the body is aptly likened to a little boat afloat in mid-ocean. Below is naught but the vast expanse of water, above the heavens, to which the lonely boatman casts his anxious looks. At such a time he feels the most important question to be this, whether the sky of purest azure offers a prospect clear, bright, and peaceful; or if it is beset with lowering clouds, in which the vivid lightning's flash portends the approaching storm.

If one should cause a continual shower of water to fall upon a flowering tree for the purpose of washing off the parasites which infest and injure the blossoms, would not the result of such a measure, in all likelihood, be, that blossoms as well as parasites, the needful as well as the injurious, would be destroyed? So it is in education if too many rules are laid down, too many barriers and restrictions placed about the daily walks of life.

BURNS IN TEARS.

WHEN quite young Robert Burns, the poet, visited, in company with others, the house of the philosopher, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Scotland. In the midst of the conversation Burns turned away to examine a painting hanging on the wall, representing a dead soldier on the ground, with his wife and child lamenting over him, and these lines inscribed below:

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept for soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Sad, mournful presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears."

As he read these beautiful lines, written by one Langhorne, the eyes of Burns filled with tears, and one of the company remarked that a man could not be a man, nor a poet, till he had a heart and could feel. A true remark, indeed; for he who can weep at misery, can "feel for others' woes and lend the helping hand."

Man without tears or feeling is like a tree in winter, barren, though strong and stately. It is feeling that robes it in beauteous foliage and makes it efflorescent and fruitful.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C. M. BROWN, A RECENTLY APPOINTED MISSIONARY TO AFRICA.

BY REV. D. D. BUCK.

THIS young lady has long felt a deep solicitude to be useful to the Church in the great work of evangelizing the world. She has finally consented to go abroad as a missionary, and has expressed a preference for the mission in Africa. In consenting to go to that field of labor, she seems to have considered the difficulties and dangers which she might expect to encounter; yet love for souls, and deep convictions of duty have had greater influence over her than desire for ease, or fear of suffering and death. Many have spoken most discouragingly and tried to persuade her not to go. She has been told that it would be throwing her life away to go to Africa. But, notwithstanding all, she has fully determined to yield to her convictions of duty and leave the consequences with God.

This address, in its original form, was of necessity very hastily written, and read to Miss Brown in the presence of several ministers and a large company of friends, on the evening of her departure from Elmira to New York. The address designedly keeps in view the well-known dangers of a residence in Africa; and the effort is to show, that even if it were as likely to be fatal as it has been represented to her, still it would be apostolic and Christ-like to go where duty and religious solicitude lead, even if it be to suffering and death.

The author has reason to believe that his address, however imperfect as a composition, was not without its good influence upon the young missionary, at a time when she needed encouragement and counsel. But, in the circumstances of the case, this could not be done by denying or lightly estimating the real hazards of a residence in that climate which has proved so fatal to American missionaries. It was deemed more consistent with Christian candor duly to consider the difficulties before her, and endeavor to derive consolation in view of all the facts in the case, even allowing the possible truthfulness of the gloomiest representations.

The publication of this address may possibly encourage others to devote themselves to the missionary work in Africa, or in some other part of the wide field of evangelical labor.

Go, Mercy's messenger, with angel speed
To Afric's bleeding heart. The Gospel balm,
That healeth spirit wounds, with haste convey,
And let poor Afric know—though hard the task—
That all is not cupidity and hate
Where human face puts on its fairest hue.

Let Afric know that love for human souls
 May have a mightiness to move the heart,
 Great as the lust for gold, or thirst for praise.
 Can robbers go to steal their fellow-men?
 Can thrifty commerce whiten Afric's waves?
 Can greedy Avarice sift her golden sands,
 Or dig for gems through all her desert wastes,
 Or hunt her ivory from hill to hill,
 Unscared by death? And may not holy love,
 That brought a Savior from his blissful throne,
 Impel a pious soul this land to leave,
 To show poor Afric that a Christian's love
 Can brave as much of danger and of death
 To carry healing to a bleeding heart,
 As lust of gold to open wide the wounds?

Then go, if God hath bidden, go to die,
 If such a price may save one precious soul.
 Did Paul his life reserve when duty called
 Through perils, pains, and deaths to bear his cross?
 Did Jesus come for pleasure to our earth,
 Or look for lengthened years in midst of death?
 He came to die! upon the cross to die!
 For us to die who well deserved the death;
 Why not for him, if dying be the means
 Of richest blessing to the ebon race?

For Afric it were better far to die,
 Than be partaker of the bloody guilt
 That crushes all the manhood from the man,
 And legislates the human to the brute.
 I would prefer myself to be the slave;
 Than forge one link of Afric's galling chain.

'Tis due to Africa from Christian lands
 That Gospel freedom now be freely sent
 To her ill-fated and ill-treated race;
 For robbers, chains, and daggers have been sent
 In Christian ships, with banners boldly spread,
 And Christian symbols gleaming thro' the skies;
 And myriads of her children have been torn
 With bloody violence from her own breast,
 By hands that handled Inspiration's page.

Then go, redeeming Love's embassadress,
 With proclamation to that wretched race,
 Of immortality and bliss obtained
 For dying Ham, through Jesus, son of Shem.
 Let Japhet's daughter brave a thousand deaths
 If she may be a messenger of life,
 To carry hope and gladness where Despair
 Hath reigned with rayless midnight o'er the land.
 Go e'en to death, if that be Afric's life;
 'Twere glorious thus to die, if Heaven ordains,
 And so to live, if he by grace sustains
 Thy fragile form amid so many deaths.

Can aught befall thee but as God permits?
 Can Death approach thee without his consent?
 Thou art immortal till thy work is done.

Then go to Africa, with power divine,
 As shield and sun, to comfort and defend.
 Stand up in Africa, by grace divine,
 As strong to labor and as firm to endure,
 As here, with labor less, and less of grace;

For God is there, as near to praying Faith,
 When supplication meets a vertic sun,
 As here, where Faith may kneel at costly shrines.

Go forth in Africa, divinely led
 Through various paths of usefulness and peace.
 Who led his people through the wilderness,
 By day defended, and by night secured,
 Thy steps shall order with unerring skill,
 Thy soul protect with never-failing power.

When day departs and weary night comes on,
 Lie down in Africa beneath the wings
 Of guardian cherubim, as safely there
 As in the bosom of thy kindred here.

To die in Africa, if Heaven direct,
 In faithful labor for that dying race,
 Like an apostle choosing bonds and death,
 If bonds and death may life and freedom give,
 Is dying like our Lord, and wins a crown.

To die! Why not? Is it more far from thence
 To thrones of bliss, than from these favored shores?
 Is it less easy for an angel's eye
 To see a Christian on his dying couch
 Beneath a palm in Afric's torrid clime,
 Than 'neath the palms that shaded Judah's hills?

Then go, if God hath called thee; go in peace,
 To live and labor long as Heaven may please;
 Or die, if need be, in that far-off land,
 That lies as near to Paradise as this.

THE BLIND CHILD'S REQUEST.

BY ELLIE MILLS.

SISTER, give me thy hand, and lead me now,
 Through the smooth walk, to yonder cooling bower;
 The air of evening fans my cheek and brow,
 I hear the rustling of the leafy bough,
 And breathe the sweet perfume of many a flower.

And, darling sister, sit beside me here,
 And take my hand within your own and tell—
 Not of the many flowers blooming near;
 Not of the flowing streamlet, bright and clear;
 Not of the birds, whose songs I love so well—

Speak not to me of earth—of skies of blue,
 Of the pale moon and countless stars that shine,
 And rosy morn—all beautiful to you;
 They are forbidden to my longing view—
 All, all is dark to me, for *I am blind*:

But talk to me of heaven, O sister, dear!
 And of the fair, bright beings dwelling there;
 Often, in dreams, to me they do appear,
 And woo me from this world, so dark and drear,
 Away with them, unto a clime more fair.

Yes, sister, tell of heaven; there would I go;
 There, to that happy place, I long to flee;
 All must be very lovely here below.
 This earth is beautiful, for you have told me so;
 But O in heaven, dear sister, *I can see!*

THE HORRORS OF EVIL COMPANY.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, SCOTLAND.

"The way of transgressors is hard."

EDWIN was one of my earliest school-fellows. Thoughtful, quick, and naturally ingenious, he made rapid progress in his studies. We were nearly of the same age, and as our paternal residences were in the same street, a mutual attachment was soon formed, and we became almost inseparable companions.

His father was a pious man and devotedly attached to the ordinances of religion. He had for many years established family worship in his house. On several occasions I was present during that important service, and always received benefit to my soul. His instructions to the members of his family were communicated in the most pleasing yet impressive manner. When he conversed with them, the *parent* and the *friend* appeared to be united.

At the age of fourteen Edwin was taken from school and soon after apprenticed to a respectable tradesman in the town. Being of an active mind he acquired, in a very short time, a competent knowledge of his business.

The same openness of disposition, and the same gentleness of spirit, which had so long secured him the affection of his school-fellows, were still the prevailing attractions of the amiable youth. At "early dawn" and "silent eve" we often perambulated the fields and woods, the hills and valleys, contiguous to our native town. On such occasions, having a reciprocal feeling, and possessing a corresponding taste for the beauties of nature, our minds were involuntarily led from "nature up to nature's God."

But it was in the sanctuary, while sitting under the sound of the Gospel, that we experienced the most delightful elevations of soul—here, that the fire of devotion was kindled in our hearts. One Sunday evening we went to hear a funeral sermon. The chapel was crowded with attentive hearers, and a solemn feeling appeared to pervade the minds of all while listening to the affecting discourse. Never shall I forget that evening. At the close of the service a prayer meeting was announced. We both remained, and were both deeply affected.

Time rolled on, and Edwin had accomplished about four years of his apprenticeship, but the tide of his affections was evidently turned. I had, indeed, for some months previously, felt misgivings as to the altered state of his mind. He had frequently neglected the public worship of God, and his conversation had assumed a less

serious tone. I several times called to see him, but could easily discover, from a peculiar reservedness in his manner, that he wished to shun me. The secret was soon disclosed. He had formed an acquaintance with two or three young men, who were well known in the town to be loose characters. I often remonstrated with him, but in vain. The connections he had chosen, and the evil habits into which they were daily hurrying him, had rendered him impregnable to reproof. But though I felt keenly on his account, yet when I saw him "running to the same excess of riot," and plunging deeper into sin, I considered it disreputable to be seen in his company.

There was a public house in the adjoining street, into which I occasionally saw him enter at the close of the day, and from which he would often return in a state of intoxication. At other times I saw him wandering in the vicinity of the town with the publican's daughter; while those who knew him in his school-boy days would cast upon him a look of mingled pity and reproach. This state of things continued till the period of his apprenticeship expired. But though he had a perfect knowledge of his business, and was an excellent workman, yet owing to the irregular habits he had formed his master would no longer employ him.

Being now out of a situation, he loitered about the neighborhood for some weeks, when, on a beautiful morning in May, as I was taking a solitary walk to inhale the pure breezes of the country, and to feed my eyes upon the lovely scenery which I had been accustomed to admire, my attention was suddenly drawn to a concourse of people assembled near a stage-coach which was on the point of starting for London. I soon recognized Edwin among the group; and as I stood for a moment gazing on his wasted frame and pallid features, his eye caught mine. He approached, and, grasping my hand, exclaimed, "Farewell, Mr. Barr, we may never meet again!"

"But where are you going?" I said.

"I am going to London to make my fortune," and a forced smile played upon his countenance.

"But are you sure of that?"

"Why, what can I do? There is no employment to be obtained here."

"Would not a reformation in your conduct insure you employment? Abandon the society of those who have brought you to this humiliating situation, and you need not leave your native town to seek employment."

"It is too late; I am resolved to go."

"If so, then take the advice of one who feels interested in your welfare. When you arrive in

London shun the society of evil-doers; avoid them as you would the plague. Otherwise they will be your ruin."

"I know you have ever been my friend, though I have rendered myself unworthy of your esteem; and if I had listened to your counsel—"

Here the horn blew, and without waiting to finish the sentence Edwin took his seat on the coach and was soon out of sight.

I resumed my walk, but it was with a heavy and dejected heart. I listened to the music of the birds as they caroled to each other in the hedge-rows; but their warbling failed to produce that soothing, hallowing influence, which I had experienced in my former rambles. The image of my school-fellow was constantly flitting before my mental vision. I was painfully apprehensive that the same propensities which had already blighted his expectations at home would, if still indulged, accelerate his final ruin in the gay metropolis.

Year after year passed away, but I heard nothing of the unhappy youth; and I was almost led to conclude that his own words would be verified, that we should never meet again.

I was now called to the work of the ministry, and in the prosecution of its arduous duties I thought but little of Edwin. Amidst the multifarious changes, both of scene and of society, which I was destined to experience, the remembrance of our early friendship was gradually fading from my mind.

In the spring of 1834, when I was stationed in the Colchester circuit, I received an appointment to preach in London on a missionary occasion. At the close of the evening service, a stranger presented me with a note. I immediately broke the seal and found it was from Edwin. The following extract will show the purport of it: . . . "I wish much to see you. Will you favor me with a call? I am not worthy of it; but I feel my life to be drawing near to its close, and I shall soon be numbered with the dead. I am a poor unhappy sinner. Your counsel at this time may be of service to me. The bearer will inform you of my lodgings. Pray for your unfortunate EDWIN."

Whether it was owing to my surprise at receiving so unexpected a communication, or whether it arose from the distressing intelligence it conveyed, I can not tell; but immediately on finishing its perusal my whole frame became exceedingly agitated. Having obtained the necessary information, as to his residence, I dismissed the messenger with a promise that I would call on the following day.

I slept but little that night. The morning at length dawned, and I arose unrefreshed. After partaking of a slight breakfast I proceeded in the direction of his lodgings. As I passed along the bells of St. Savior's Church were ringing a merry peal. Their sweetly-musical tones, as the fresh breeze wafted them across the Thames, seemed to compensate for the dullness of the morning. The sun was not visible; but a dense fog, so common in the metropolis, rendered the atmosphere damp and oppressive.

I now arrived at the house which corresponded with the instructions which I received on the preceding evening. A member of the family directed me to a small apartment in an upper story, on entering which I beheld my poor school-fellow seated in a corner of the room, with a small round table before him, on which were scattered a few books. He was the same individual who had shared my early friendship; but O how changed! The bloom of his manly cheek had faded, his form was wasting away under the latent workings of disease, and his eye shot from its sunken orbit a glance of despondency and grief. The extreme difficulty that he felt in breathing, the altered tone of his voice when he rose to address me, and a cough, which was evidently occasioned by an affection of the lungs—all these external symptoms convinced me that he was laboring under pulmonary consumption. Seating myself by his side, I expressed the pleasure I felt in once more seeing him in the "vale of tears."

"And to me," he said, "it has been indeed a *vale of tears*; and doubly so from the fact that most of the sorrows I have experienced have been the effects of my own misconduct. The advice which you gave me when I left my native town proved, at first, a check to my dissolute habits, and for several months after my arrival in London my evenings were spent in the retirement of my own chamber. I had no companions, nor did I desire any. I had obtained a good situation, and one that afforded many pecuniary advantages. My mind, however, became restless. I felt tired of such a sedentary mode of life, and once more sighed after the pleasures of the world.

"In an evil hour I, one Sunday afternoon, strayed to one of those tea-gardens, with which the suburbs so greatly abound. Here I became again entangled with the workers of iniquity, and commenced a course of folly and dissipation, which has undermined my constitution and burdened my conscience with an accumulated weight of guilt and misery, which has become almost intolerable.

"On that occasion I met with several young men of respectable appearance, and passed in their company, what I then thought, a very pleasant evening. We did not separate till a late hour, and agreed to meet again at a certain inn on the following night. Regardless of the future, I only thought of present enjoyment—sung the drunkard's song and laughed the hours away. Indeed, the society of these young men, and others to whom I was subsequently introduced, became almost indispensable to my existence.

"But I need not recount the many scenes of iniquity which I have witnessed, nor the lengths of folly to which my foolish head led me to run. My health rapidly declined, so that I had scarcely sufficient physical energy to pursue my daily labor. Frequent exposure to the cold midnight air, after being seated for several hours in a densely heated room, brought on a violent cough and a difficulty of respiration.

"About two months since, when returning home from Drury-Lane theater, I felt a peculiarly painful oppression of the chest, and on going into my room I discovered that the expectoration I had discharged was that of clear blood. As these distressing symptoms continued I became extremely alarmed. In vain I courted 'nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep'—I dared not close my eyes, for I was apprehensive of the rupture of a blood-vessel. I, therefore, lay in a state of feverish excitement. I thought of the course of sin which for so many years I had been pursuing, and wept to think that I should soon have to appear before a holy God. My sins were arrayed before me in all their deformity, and I experienced the agonies of a troubled spirit.

"I had for some time previous to this felt some compunctions of soul, which sometimes induced me to pause before entering the chambers of intemperance, but nothing equal to what I then experienced. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my awful condition, and involuntarily cried out, 'O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!' 'Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.'

"These convictions, though not perhaps so powerful, continued to follow me for several weeks, during which I never entered a public house, nor even saw any of my dissolute companions. One evening I was returning to my lodgings, after the labors of the day, when, passing through Bedford Square, my ears caught the sound of music—soft, mournful, and plaintive. Being passionately fond of music, I was attracted to the spot, and for some time listened with considerable emotion to the delightful strains. But

it was the subject of one of the pieces that most affected me, namely, the popular air of 'Home, Sweet Home.' It brought to my recollection the home of my childhood—the scenes of my juvenile days. I thought of my father, whose pious counsels I had despised, and of the many happy hours that I spent under his roof, ere my follies and vices had brought a reproach upon my character, and I turned aside to wipe away the tears which began to fill my eyes. At this critical moment I recognized among the crowd one of my old companions. I instantly left the spot, but it was too late. He had seen me, and was soon at my side. 'Edwin,' said he, 'what is the matter with you? And where have you been for so long a time?' I told him I felt unwell and was fearful I was in a decline. He laughed heartily, and, taking my arm, dragged me violently along till we arrived at the door of a tavern. For some time I resolutely withstood the temptation. 'Come in, you silly fellow!' he exclaimed, 'a few glasses of brandy and water will soon restore your health.'

"Alas! I suffered myself to be enticed, and found myself once more seated in a public house. On rising to depart I found Davis—the name of my companion—to be unusually elated by the effects of what he had been drinking, though I had cautiously taken but little. As we passed along the street he became quarrelsome, and made use of the most abusive language to some persons whom we encountered, till at length a policeman came up, and in the struggle that ensued Davis escaped, but I was taken to the Giltspur Compter, and there confined for the night. And O, what a night!

"But I will not attempt to describe the agony I then experienced. On the next morning I was taken before a magistrate, and after receiving a sharp reprimand and paying a small fine was discharged. Being now at liberty I was determined to make the best use of it, and as I was becoming more and more disgusted with London life, I wrote to my father, begging him to furnish me with a sufficient sum of money to defray my expenses home. I have already received a favorable answer, and to-morrow is fixed for my departure. My life has been a scene of sin and wretchedness. In the pursuit of pleasure I have found sorrow and disappointment, and daily experience has confirmed the truth of Scripture, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"A few days since I saw an advertisement announcing that you would preach at — Chapel. I longed for an interview with you previous to my departure, and for that purpose sent the note

which has once more brought us together. I have a solemn impression on my mind that this will be our last meeting on earth. My disease is rapidly gaining ground, and my strength diminishes daily. O that I could say, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain!'

He thus finished the story of his vices and his griefs, during the delivery of which he appeared greatly excited, and several times raised his handkerchief to his eyes to stem the briny torrents which his lacerated feelings produced.

While giving expression to the closing sentence I looked upon him with tenderness and pity. At length he appeared more composed, and I availed myself of the opportunity to direct him to the Savior of sinners. I spoke of the efficacy of his divine atonement, and of its adaptation to the case of a penitent sinner. Then referring to the promises of the Gospel, so sweet and so precious, I said, "Now, my dear Edwin, can not you venture on this foundation? What hinders? It is true you have sinned, but Christ died for the ungodly; you are groaning under the burden of guilt, but Christ died to remove it; you are seeking salvation, and Christ says, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' Will you not take him at his word? Will you not rely upon his merits? O be not faithless, but believe! Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation!"

"O that I had yielded sooner!" he sobbed, "and torn myself from those vile associates, who led me into sin!"

"You have at length yielded," I said, "and it is not too late. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

"There is one thing," said he, "with which you are probably unacquainted, and to which I attribute much of that indifference to religion which I began to feel even previous to my being seduced into vile company. My father, for many years, attended to the duty of family worship; but soon after my apprenticeship I discovered a growing laxity in the exercise of that essential part of Christianity. It was occasionally neglected under the pretense of business, till at length it was altogether laid aside. The consequence was, he became worldly-minded and I became careless about my soul. I have heard, however, since I left home, he has most painfully felt this dereliction of duty."

O that the heads of families would lay this to heart!

I continued with Edwin for some time, and having given him the best advice in my power

engaged in prayer on his behalf. On taking my departure tears began to fill my eyes. I was leaving my earliest companion—my school-fellow—and it was more than probable that we should never again meet till the day when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God.

"Adieu!" I murmured, and was making my way toward the door. "Stop!" he exclaimed, and again seizing my hand, which he literally bathed with tears, said, in a faint tone of voice, "I am going home—to die. Pray for me, that when I am called I may be found ready. *Vale, in aeternum, vale.*"

Poor Edwin! we parted, and I never saw him more.

On visiting my native town a few years subsequently I met with several of his relatives, from whom I learned that he had long since been removed to a better world. He had been enabled, in the eleventh hour, to cast himself on the mercy of God, through faith in a crucified Savior; and having obtained an assurance of forgiveness, at length exchanged a life of suffering for a life of glory.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND GOD.

A MERRY little girl, just turned of four, wandered into a vacant room of her house, with a singular look of solemn adventure in her face, and closed the door behind her. Her mother, who had caught a passing glimpse of the countenance, followed softly after, and paused before the door in listening. Presently she heard a timid little voice say, "God!" "God!" Then came an interval of silence. Then the voice again somewhat louder, "God!" "God!" Another pause—longer. Once more the voice, earnest but faltering—and very entreating in its tone—"God!" "God!"

The mother entered the room.

"What is it, Anna?"

"O, I wanted to see—"

"To see what?"

"If—if—"

"Well."

"If God would speak to me. You told me God was every-where. You said I could talk to him and he would hear me. I was trying if he would only say 'Anna.'"

There was room in that little brain for one or two more lessons about God, which the young mother did not fail to impart. Very often curiosity is excited in the juvenile mind, and then it is left to work out its thoughts as best it can. Parents should always be ready and willing to attend fully to their children's inquiries.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

BY J. D. BELL.

THE booksellers of America, almost with one accord, declare that there is but a single comprehensive dictionary of our vernacular tongue, which every mechanic, student, and learned professor should adopt as his daily directory and standard, and that this chosen one is Webster's Unabridged.

But the voice of the booksellers can not, of course, be allowed to go for much among thinking men in these times of frenzied book-speculation. Indeed, it may be asserted, with a good deal of reason, that one would not miss much of real worth in print, nowadays, were he to pass stoically along through the public marts, taking it for granted that every flaming advertisement, or gilt-edged commendation, that catches at his eye from the street-corners, is but a copy of what Ben Johnson would have called,

"The most unprofitable sign of nothing."

Most certain it is, that in this way he would escape being humbugged, many a time, out of his wits as well as his dollars, by the specious emptiness put up in book-form, and advertised into notoriety by speculators in the Fanny Fern and Barnum literature, every-where so marketable at the present day.

So, setting aside entirely what the booksellers say, let us see if we may not reach the same conclusion as that to which they pretend to have come by way of better premises.

In the first place, then, we observe that every lexicographer may be viewed in two lights: first, as to his peculiarities; and second, as to his comparative merits. Let us now glance at Noah Webster in each of these aspects, in order to determine in what estimation we should hold his dictionary. Well, then, we may ask, what and of what account are Webster's peculiarities?

If the great lexicographer were living to-day, and were to be questioned as to the changes he endeavored to make in the structure and use of our tongue through the medium of his system of lexicography, we may conceive, very nearly, what his response would be. He would say that from his earliest years our language was the theme of his thoughts and his studies; that his interest in its history and development grew with the growth and strengthened with the strength of his mind; that to a clear understanding of its origin and structure he labored indefatigably and not without success; that as he pushed forward his inquiries he made new discoveries with regard to the analogies and tendencies of our tongue; that he

came to see the truth of Quintilian's observation, that "speech was not formed by an analogy sent from heaven," but was the fabrication of men, and, as a consequence, must be ever liable to corruption by the extravagances of ignorance and the caprices of innovation.

He would say that he found our language, in his day, exposed to many and great dangers; that the practical tendencies of the age, as well as the spirit of the American people, were against its continuing longer in a state of even tolerable purity; that there was no standard dictionary adapted to the circumstances and wants of our growing and already great republic; that Johnson's was too old, and Walker's too full of impracticable rules and ideal distinctions; that from a thousand influences, peculiar to our country alone, we were verging upon dialectical diversities, which, if not counteracted, would, sooner or later, operate fatally against a unity of national feeling; that by the influx of foreigners, new and heterogeneous elements were constantly creeping into our language and tending to reduce its power; that from the want of a proper standard of lexicography the growth of our literature had been stifled, and etymology, orthography, and orthoepy had been sadly neglected; that, as a consequence, bad idioms and odious provincialisms had gained, and were gaining, the credit of polite usage; and that, under these circumstances, he undertook the toilsome task of compiling a dictionary which should be adapted to the character of the American people; and which, while it contributed largely to preserve the purity of our vernacular, and to foster that unity of feeling so essential to our success as a nation, should, at the same time, tend to keep warm the tie that binds us to the land where our language had its birth.

He would say that in forming the plan of his work he laid it down, in the onset, as a principle, from which there should be as little departure as possible, that analogy and its claims should be superior to all individual authority, and subject only to one unvarying rule of uniformity; that accordingly he was led to classify all words of like formation, and for analogy's sake to give them, as far as practicable, like orthography; that, therefore, he determined to leave out the *u* in such words as honor, labor, inferior, and their derivatives; to omit *k* in such words as music and public; to substitute *er* for *re* in such words as center, theater, luster, and scepter; to spell defense, expense, and the like, with *s* instead of *c*; to omit the *e* in high; to write all words formed from the Greek and Latin *izo* with the termination

ise instead of *ise*; to spell all such words as blamable, movable, salable, etc., without *e*, except after *c* and *g*; to preserve *U* in all the derivatives of dull, full, skill, and the like; and to spell all the derivatives of verbs of two or more syllables, ending in a single unaccented consonant, preceded by a single vowel, as *traveler*, without doubling the consonant.

He would say further, that his vivid apprehension of the wants of an eminently practical age led him to bestow peculiar care on the etymology and explanation of words; that he determined to exhibit more fully and accurately than had ever before been done the true genesis of our language; that, to accomplish this important object, he spent days on the history of single words, tracing them up, from nation to nation, and from age to age, and gathering from the tradition of intermediate tongues the features they had lost and gained in their meandering pathway down to us; that he aspired, too, after full, forcible, satisfactory, and complete definitions—a department of lexicography, before his time, strangely neglected; that, in this respect, he made it his aim to aptly meet the necessities of every profession of life, from the lowest to the highest, from that of a common counting-house clerk to that of a learned and critical expounder of jurisprudence; that he also endeavored to present a true system of pronunciation, one that should conform to a pure and manly taste, and which, while it answered every purpose of a polished literary education, should, at the same time, be as simple and easy to be apprehended as possible; that he, therefore, avoided all those extremes of affected orthoepy into which Walker, and others before as well as after him, unwisely suffered themselves to be misled; that he deemed it worse than useless to incumber words with a multiplicity of marks and figures, and utterly impossible to express on paper the nice distinctions which the ear recognizes in a rapid enunciation of slight sounds; and that, finally, with these peculiarities of orthography, etymology, explanation, and pronunciation, he bequeathed his work, the product of sixty years of labor and of care, to his country and the world, “with the spirit of a man who has endeavored well,” and whose trust is founded in the sure and unchanging tendencies of truth to an immortality of usefulness and fame.

Such, though perhaps in more full and forcible terms, would doubtless be Webster's own statement, could he speak to-day as to the peculiarities of his system of lexicography. And from it we may draw the conclusion that his grand object was, not merely to supplant other systems already

in use, by assuming to have made some slight improvements on them, but to give our language a securer drift and a more enduring strength, by instituting a tribunal of principle for settling its difficulties, and for swaying its tendencies. He sought to do away the bugbear of mere nominal authority which had so long hindered its progress, and to substitute the laws of analogy in the room of personal dictation. He not only introduced wise changes, by way of improvement, but he set the whole language on improving itself. He breathed into it, as it were, the spirit of democratic progress. He attempted to transform it into a republic of words. Nearly every lexicographer that had gone before him had only added new chains of local prejudice and caprice to bind it down, and to crush out its original life. It had only passed from one system of tyranny to another in coming down from Johnson's time to his own. He found it with its principles bleeding and its tendencies corrupted; and under its bondage of freakish and fatal innovation, to all human appearance, doomed, ultimately, to sink into a wild chaos of absurd and irretrievable anomalies. This process of oppressive transformation and dislocation Webster arrested. He set the language, in a measure, free from arbitrary authority; and by correcting its misdirected tendencies, and by infusing into it a new spirit of progress, he contributed greatly toward bringing it into harmony with the laws of its own being. And thus he began a new era in the history of the language.

The facility with which most of his proposed emendations and improvements were almost at once carried into general practice, attest the wisdom with which they were adopted by him and recommended. It is true his system of lexicography has had to pass its ordeal of opposition. And well it might if there be truth in Hooker's remark, that “change is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better.” Nearly every reformation he proposed has been severely contested; but not one has yet failed to make its own defense with triumphant success. A few have not yet been generally accepted; and the only reason why they have not is, because they have not been contested with sufficient earnestness and vigor to make their real consistency apparent to careless and indifferent minds. You can not find one of his peculiarities that has not a firm foundation for it in reason or nature. Webster proposed no whims. He sought rather to put a stop to an endless multiplication of whims. Every change he recommended is in keeping with some great principle, and can not

but challenge the keenest inspection and defy the most stubborn opposition. Take, if you please, one which, as yet, seems to have been slower than any other in becoming generally current: we mean the substitution of *er* for *re*, in a certain class of words derived from the French, among which are center, theater, and luster.

Now, the reason for this substitution seems to most persons, at first sight, to be obscure and capricious. But a moment's examination may convince any disinterested inquirer that this is not the case. The design of Webster in making the change was to heal a wounded principle of analogy that had been long neglected, and, as a consequence, was occasioning a bad disorder in the language. He saw that the correct English spelling of that class of words was with the termination *er* instead of *re*; that a large proportion of the class—such as diameter, chamber, disaster, disorder, charter, tiger, and number, and many others—had already conformed to it, and, moreover, that there had been a tendency, indicated in the highest usage of our language, ever since the time of Sir Isaac Newton—for he, as well as Pope, and Camden, and Milton fostered it—to bring the whole class under the same regimen. Such being the circumstances in the case, what more or less could any reasonable man do than make the change at once, and thus do away a needless group of anomalies? We might go on, in this way, and review other changes proposed by Webster, which have, as yet, only come into partial use, owing to the fact that the wisdom and consistency with which they were suggested and advised, have not yet been properly sought after and duly appreciated; but we deem such a course of procedure entirely irrelevant to our present undertaking, as well as unnecessary, since any one who will take the pains may find an abler defense than we can give of the whole system of the great lexicographer near at hand. We hasten, therefore, to view Webster as to his comparative merits.

In every field of mental labor that involves classification, we find a series of great systemizers, each of which has followed his predecessor with a new and peculiar cluster of improvements. The names of these illustrious men stand alone in history; and while those of other men, who figured in the successive lapses of time between the different epochs they represent, have almost faded away from the memory of mankind, these seem but to have been gaining new brightness at every step of human progress. Thus in tracing the history of metaphysics we meet with Plato, and Aristotle, and Bacon, and Locke, and the

various schools that bear their names. Thus, too, in the history of poetry we meet with Homer, and Pindar, and Horace, and Chaucer, and Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, and the several epochs of style with which the names of these poets will ever stand connected. There has been, to some extent, a similar succession of great projectors and systems of improvement in the progress of lexicography. The first lexicographer who identified his name, as a true reformer, with the use of our language was Johnson. With him there commenced a new era in letters. He found the language, in his time, to use his own words, "copious without order, and energetic without rule." He set himself on reducing this chaos to order, and in a measure succeeded. With his immense learning and unequalled skill he corrected many erratic tendencies, and gave our language a new disposition and character. His spirit moved upon the wild waters and they obeyed him. But considering the state in which he found our vernacular, it is evident that with all his improvements he could not have left it perfect.

After the time of Johnson there followed a train of superficial modifiers—such as Sheridan, Kenrick, Walker, Jones, and Jameson—none of whom can be said to have made any radical and lasting improvements, and some of whom, particularly Sheridan and Walker, must be regarded rather as corrupters than improvers of our language. For even if it be admitted that some parts of their several systems are changes for the better, yet these, as Walker's clearly shows, are so mixed in with palpable whims and perversions, as to make it fairly a matter of doubt, on the whole, whether they did more good than hurt. Thus was the pathway of lexicography thronged with fickle innovators down to the time of Webster. It remained for him to take up the language nearly as Johnson left it and make a radical reformation. He found disorders and tendencies to disorder, which Johnson, amid the confusion of dialects that surrounded him, was forced to leave unremedied and unrelieved. He found inconsistencies and anomalies that had arisen, and were continually multiplying, from needless violations of the principles of analogy. These he endeavored to do away by a wise method of purification and reconstruction. With him our whole language, like the science of astronomy when Galileo made his appearance, assumed a new aspect. He substituted nature for art, reason for caprice. Happy had it been for our vernacular tongue had no superficial modifier followed in his wake! But regret it as we may, such has been the case. A train of would-be

reformers, similar though not so numerous as that which followed on the heels of Johnson, have been essaying, ever since Webster's Unabridged was issued, to supplant it by their own whimsical modifications of its great plan. We can not speak of them all but in general terms; and speaking thus, it is not too much to say that they have, without exception, proved themselves corrupters instead of improvers. This could not have been otherwise, considering the nature of the attempts which they made. Their chief claim is in the matter of pronunciation. They insist upon having done wonders here, when in fact they have only done damages. It requires but a brief inspection of the system of any one of these second-hand lexicographers to detect the extreme weakness of its pretensions.

It was a wise observation of the great man whose dictionary we are considering, that "the multiplicity of books for instructing us in our vernacular tongue is an evil of no small magnitude. Every man has some peculiar notions which he wishes to propagate, and there is scarcely any peculiarity or absurdity for which some authority may not be found. The facility of book-making favors this disposition; and while a chief qualification for authorship is a dexterous use of an inverted pen and a pair of scissors, we are not to expect relief from the evil." Now, if we bear in mind the fact that the system of Webster lies at the bottom, and is the very *sine qua non*, so to speak, of every system that has been projected and circulated since his was put forth; and, moreover, that his dictionary can not, at most, be supplanted but over a limited area, how can we come to any other conclusion than that nothing short of a universally acknowledged necessity in the case would justify any attempt to supplant it? That there has been no such necessity, and will not be for decades of years yet to come, it is needless for us to assert. Every one knows that Webster's Unabridged has been for the last score of years not only adopted as the great standard of our language, but cherished as a book next in importance to the Bible itself, by the larger part of England and nearly the whole of the American republic. We make no extravagant assertion, but one which can not be doubted, when we say that the majority of our people would to-day pronounce it impossible to prove that dictionary deficient, in any important respect, as a national standard, without putting pretension and sophistry to the utmost stretch. In what other light, then, can we view those whose aim is to supplant Webster's Unabridged by their own systems, than as mere propagandists of insignificant notions and

predilections? To show that we may rightly view them thus, let us specify some of the pretended merits of their dictionaries. And we will take for an example that of J. E. Worcester, which, we are sorry to say, has, by dint of extraordinary exertion in its behalf, been adopted as a standard of our tongue, to a limited extent, in certain portions of our country. Now, it requires but a glance to see the folly of the claims this lexicographer urges as an apology for attempting to supersede Webster's Unabridged. His whole system is but a modification of Webster's, with the addition of a few boasted improvements in orthoepy. In the preface to his dictionary he observes, that "in the preparation of this work pronunciation has been made a leading object, and as a pronouncing dictionary it will be found to possess peculiar advantages." Now, let us see what these advantages amount to. In the first place, he claims an advantage in having exhibited a great many different authorities in every case of doubtful, various, or disputed pronunciation. But what has he gained in doing this? Any reasonable person must see that it can be of no service to our language or to those who speak it, in this age, to append a list of superannuated and superseded modes of pronunciation to words. It is but the exhibition of an unmanly and self-abusing attachment to the past, for a lexicographer of these times to go to the fickle English orthoepists, that succeeded Johnson, to find standard decisions in pronunciation. It would be just as reasonable for an American President to cross the ocean and consult the monarchs and despots of Europe as to the best methods of carrying out the various ends of republicanism. It is time the principles of orthoepy were rescued from the crushing wheels of this Juggernaut of authority. Our language has been tortured long enough by personal caprice and arbitrary dictation. The man who would seek to perpetuate this bondage of names can not be regarded as an improver. He stands in the way of the progress of our language, and, what is worse, gives it tendencies backward rather than forward. By dooming himself to be controlled by nominal authority, Worcester has been led to adopt and recommend some of the most intolerable inconsistencies of pronunciation. Take, for example, his change of the sound of *s* in *possess*, *disable*, *disinterested*, etc., into that of an ugly and unwarrantable *z*. Take also his perversion of the sound of *nk*, *nc*, or *nck* into the disgusting nasal sound of *ngk* in such words as *twinkle*, *concord*, *function*, and *anchor*, and his preference for the corrupt sound of short *e* instead of *æ* in the word *deaf*. So much for

Worcester's pretended advantages on the score of authority. His next claim is in regard to his manner of notation. He pretends to have realized a long-desired advantage in exactly discriminating the different sounds and varieties of sounds of the letters. Now, it was demonstrated long ago, by the almost perfect failure of Walker's system of pronunciation, that all attempts at representing slight sounds, in a manner adapted for practice, must be entirely abortive. It were a thing very much like attempting to reduce to constellations those myriads of undiscoverable stars that constitute the whiteness of the milky way. There are certain distinctions of sound that no method of notation can reach, much less settle upon for general use. Take, for instance, the sounds of *e* and *i* in the unaccented syllables of most words that contain them. What speaker of the English language is there that would ever think of going to a dictionary to find out how the *e* should be sounded in the final syllable of blessedness, or the *i* in the third syllable of severity? Webster considered this matter of notation well, and he expressly asserts that the true pronunciation of unaccented vowels is best caught by the ear, and that it is worse than useless to incumber words with a multiplicity of marks and figures.

We might point out many other egregious weaknesses as well as absurdities in Worcester's system of lexicography did we think it appropriate to do so in the present connection.

The so-called phonographic pronouncing dictionary, put forth by William Bolles, lies open to somewhat similar exceptions as that of Worcester; and so we find it to be with every dictionary that has been brought into competition with Webster's Unabridged. All these would-be improvers carry the point of notation to an absurd extreme, and tend to thwart the tendencies of our language to true progress, by robbing and reinforcing defunct or superseded authority.

From the foregoing considerations we are forced to the conclusion that there is truly but one dictionary of the English language justly entitled to be adopted and cherished by us as a national standard. We regard Webster's Unabridged as the most precious as well as noble boon that American genius has ever conferred upon our republic. Who can open that great work and not be awe-struck with the vastness of its plan and the triumphant completeness of its execution? It is a sublime achievement of human perseverance and thought. Look back over the history of our country and point, if you can, to any single work, more grand and more powerful, that

has been performed since the framing of our national Constitution. You can not point to one. As a nation we have built great cities, enlarged our territory immensely, founded powerful institutions of religion, benevolence, and learning, and almost annihilated time and distance by converting the swift-winged lightning into a faithful message-bearer; yet, as a people, what higher boast can we make than that a man of our own American spirit and blood has planned and wrought out for us a national dictionary of our tongue? Think of a great nation, the greatest in the world, depending for the very essence of its power upon one chosen and cherished book, holding this as the book next in value to the Bible itself, and even renewing its structure from the rich and exhaustless quarry of thought it contains! Such a reflection, we fancy, can not fail to awaken in the dullest soul the most sublime emotions. Webster's Dictionary has done more toward promoting our prosperity as a people for the last score of years than any other single agency that can be named. By that we have secured a high standing among other nations in the literary world. By that all attempts at capricious innovation have, in a great measure, been checked, and we have been preserved from being reduced to babble a language deformed by heterogeneous dialects and provincial peculiarities. By that the various branches of our national school system have been bound into one beautiful community of letters, and made to drink the bright waters of one glorious fountain of intelligence. Webster has been the great teacher of our republic. He has educated it and guided its successful march of literary progress. In the fine words of a late writer, "not a man has sprung from its soil, on whom he has not laid his all-forming hand. His principles of language have tinged every sentence that is now or will be uttered by an American tongue. His genius has presided over every scene in the nation. It is universal, omnipotent, omnipresent. No man can breathe the air of the continent and escape it. . . . When our republic rose he became its school-master. There had never been a great nation with a universal language without dialects. The Yorkshireman can not now talk with a man from Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligurian Apennines drives his goats home at evening over hills that look down on six provinces, none of whose dialects he can speak. Here five thousand miles change not the sound of a word. Around every fireside and from every tribune, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. We owe it to Webster. He has done

more for us than Alfred did for England, or Cadmus for Greece."

And now, in conclusion, let us hope that such noble achievements will not soon be lost sight of by a people that has shared so bountifully in them. No, no. We will not forget our great schoolmaster. We will not suffer his unequaled book to be rudely shoved from our tables to give place for another. Through a long lapse of time we will continue to consult those richly-freighted pages, and draw instruction from them. Far hence, it is true, an age will come when that dictionary will need to be revised and enlarged; but in behalf of the genius and refined scholarship of him who laid its enduring foundations, may it never, never cease to be called Webster's Unabridged!

MY FRIEND CARRIE.

BY NEROY KORY.

WHEN we place our affections on the things of this world without any regard to the future, how apt we are to be deceived—how sure to be disappointed! Things of earth are fading and sure to decay. The objects on which our affections are placed are the first to vanish.

As I mingle with the world I am often led to think of an early acquaintance of mine—Carrie was her name—that was born and raised in the town where I once lived. She was the third, and, to appearance, the most promising daughter of affectionate parents, whom the mother looked upon as the support of her declining years. She married the man of her early choice and settled in a beautiful little cottage but a few rods from her parents' dwelling; was surrounded by every thing that could make home a paradise or life desirable—peace, love, and contentment reigned in their dwelling, the fashionable and gay courted their society, and by both words and actions fostered their worldly ambition. In two or three years after her marriage, I, together with a more intimate friend of hers, called to spend a few hours in social intercourse. The afternoon passed pleasantly and rapidly away. In the course of the afternoon she led me around to show me her house, which was constructed in quite a modern style and different from any I had then seen. As we went from room to room I every-where saw specimens of her industry, economy, and ingenuity, which struck me at once with admiration. I said to her, "How pleasantly you are situated, Carrie! I see nothing to prevent you from enjoying life." As I spoke my eyes rested upon

her. Hers brightened with a peculiar luster. She gave her head a significant toss, and replied with something more than her usual gayety, "No body so happy as I." Her words were indelibly impressed upon my mind. I looked upon her with a kind of foreboding sorrow which I could not erase from my mind, being somewhat older than she was, and having been called to experience some of the ups and downs of life, the deceitfulness of worldly hopes, and the danger of trusting too much to earth's treasures for happiness. We parted that evening, she gay as the gayest, but I more than commonly reflective.

A few weeks from that time Carrie was taken sick; her mother was sent for. All that a devoted mother, an idolizing husband and other friends, together with the skillful family physician, could do was done, but nothing could arrest the progress of the disease. At first she thought it hard to die so young, when life was so desirable, so full of pleasure. Her sickness was protracted. She was enabled to see her delusion and seek for happiness of a more durable substance. She lingered some weeks, then fell a victim to the great destroyer, which lays all ranks and conditions of mankind upon a common level. She left an evidence that she had obtained pardon before her death and died tranquil. I was there when her spirit took its departure. It was heart-rending to hear the heavy groans of her mother, and see the despondency of her husband and other friends. I could but mark the contrast between the spirit that prevailed in the little cottage that night and the afternoon I spent there a few months before, when Carrie said, "No body so happy as I." We trust she was happy then; but what a change in worldly circumstances! What a gloom filled the house and neighborhood, for Carrie was beloved! Thus, with all her anticipations of earthly bliss before her, she was snatched away, hopes were crushed, visions fled, and earthly happiness proved to her but a dream—a phantom that allured but to deceive.

Reader, are thy hopes and prospects all of an earthly nature? Hast thou not yet laid up a treasure that is not perishable? one that flatters not to deceive? The Holy Spirit invites thee now to participate in the joys of the redeemed; to raise thy heart and affections above the delusive charms of earth. Like Carrie, thy soul may soon be required of thee. Art thou ready?

If you would properly erect the edifice of personal improvement, the foundation must be laid in moral purity.

WONOMSCOPOMIC.*

BY H. N. POWERS.

The dainty ripples lisp summer speech,
Tease pearly blossoms nestling near the shore;
On slopes of sunshine robins sit and teach,
In undertones, the happy air their love.
A purple cloud hung in voluptuous blue
Waits for some mystic message from the pines;
Shades drowse sweet nooks, and odors wanton
through
The glossy ringlets of luxuriant vines.
Their golden bosoms leaning round and round,
The harvest fields a ripe contentment know;
Through ancient groves and o'er low meadow ground
A murmurous gladness ever seems to flow.
Far off the circling mountains stand and doze,
With vistas opening into shimmering haze,
And the low clouds which, on bald peaks repose,
Seem like the fire of some half-smothered blaze.
Before me, in this quiet, sleeps the lake,
Like some pure heart where heaven deep-mirrored
lies,
And still so winning that its friendships make
All that it loves more lovely in our eyes.
I muse along the margin, where the joy
Of Beauty thrilled me with delicious pain;
But deeper in my heart than when a boy,
Streams the calm glory of the scene again.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE, 1854.

BY CARRIE MYER.

ANOTHER New-Year's eve! What wizard sprite,
Or light-winged fairy, charms December's moon,
That she doth smile so pleasantly to-night?
Our thoughts turn truant back to rose-checked
June.
I close my eyes and dream, though not asleep;
Would mine were all such rainbow-tinted dreams!
Then life would be a river, tranquil, deep,
Serenely flowing with the crystal streams
That wind, like silver threads, thro' summer vales,
When stars burn fervently in Even's bowers,
And blue-eyed Morning trims her dewy sails
To bear afar the spicy breath of flowers.
The spirits of the night march sadly now
To see the old year yield his weary breath;
Dark shadows gather on his wrinkled brow;
Weird midnight groans shall chant the song of
death.
Not like the moon that, slowly, toward the west
Shall journey all night long without a cloud;
He travels on to his eternal rest:
Not only have the coffin and the shroud
Of peaceful death brought fear to stalwart men
And fragile women—trembling at a frown—

* The Indian name of a beautiful lake in Salisbury, Connecticut.

Lips wailed and shrieked more fearfully than when
The Arctic, with her precious weight, went down.

Dark was thine onward pathway, dying year,
With wreck, and storm, and pestilence; but yet
Ere summer's leaves had fallen, faded, sear,
A darker seal was on thy forehead set!

The fires of war athwart the crescent's path,
In redness streaming, broke the Moslem's case—
The sounds of battle mingled with the wrath
Of tempests raging on the orient seas.

They sleep—at Alma, Inkermann, and Kara,
Osmanli, English, French, and Russian, sleep
On gory pillows, watched by fiery Mars—
Heart-broken thousands for the fallen weep.

Is this the last? or did the prophet's eye
See darkly through a veil, delusive, dim?
The last of human strife, ere to the sky,
From earth, ascends the great millennial hymn?

The sullen power that sits in sunny fanes,
In triumph, rising, lifts his flaming spear—
A kingdom added to his wide domains,
'Twas thine and ours to see, O dying year!

'Tis said where Kansas' glorious sunsets flame,
A river glides in many a silvery coil—
"The Weeping river"—'tis a fitting name
For all that water young Nebraska's soil.

The very streams should mourn that these fair
lands,

With such a curse so marred and stained should be,
That men should fetter hearts, and souls, and
hands

Where float the starry banners of the free!

Behold, the old year dies! The golden bells
Of Hope fall, tinkling clearer, on the ear,
While wide throughout the moonlit ether swells
A merry welcome to the glad new year.

ICE-DROPS.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

SEE the mimic blossoms hanging
Thick on every bud and spray;
When the sun shines out a moment
They will melt and drop away.

Hark, the wind is breathing gently
Through the ice-incrusted trees,
And a sweet enchanting music
Floateth on the morning breeze.

Thus along life's frozen valley,
Oft we hear some pleasing sound;
But perchance it ends as sadly—
Ends with branches falling round.

Now the gems of joy are shining
All along our youthful way,
But, alas! like these frost blossoms,
They are destined to decay.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

CLEMENCY is one of a sovereign's noblest qualities, and its exercise must to himself be as delightful as its exhibition is to beholders endearing and impressive. But it is not always that his office as administrator of law and guardian of the public welfare, allows him to indulge his private or personal disposition: for, by a false leniency, by being too soft and facile, and so making pardons too frequent, a sovereign may multiply crimes, and may bring his laws into contempt; while, by letting loose on society a host of miscreants, for whose reformation no means have been taken, he may contaminate the virtuous community, and may inflict on his dominions an injury more grievous than if he broke up a pest-house and scattered its contagious inmates through all his provinces.

Of the arrangement to which we owe our amnesty we do not know the entire details, but we know such things as these: 1. It was no suggestion of a third party, much less was it a device of the culprit's own; it was "a mystery of godliness," an extrication which Wisdom, moved by tender Mercy, found out, and which God alone could propose to God. 2. It was an expedient which amply vindicated the broken law, and held forth no encouragement to a repetition of the first transgression. The eternal Son of God became man, and taking a nature that could die, he offered an atonement for sin, exhaustive and complete, and brought in a righteousness everlasting and redundant, which is counted as the righteousness of all the second Adam's family. And, while thus magnifying the law and justifying the ungodly, the magnificence of the sacrifice was the best security against a pardon so purchased encouraging a spirit of levity or lawlessness. It is as much as said, These are the lightest terms which Justice can accept. No ransom less costly can release from the desert of sin. And if a new race fall from innocence to guilt, or if any member of the human family pass away from earth contemptuous of Calvary, there remains no more sacrifice for sin. In order to obtain remission we must procure a substitute greater than Immanuel—a victim who is more than Divine. 3. It was a plan which abundantly guaranteed the restoration and progressive improvement of the rescued offender. In other words, it insured that the pardoned should not be moral pests, but epistles of goodness and patterns of every excellence sent forth to circulate in the midst of society. And this not merely from the force of generous and grateful emotion, but from

a peculiar feature in the scheme of mercy: from that condition in the covenant of grace which secures to the redeemed of the Savior the new-molding and inspiring influence of the Holy Spirit the Comforter. When Demetrius starved into surrender the insurgent city, and assembling the inhabitants in one place, surrounded them with his soldiery, they expected to die; but the conqueror said, "It is not an enemy whom you have refused, but a prince who loved you, and still loves you, and who wishes to revenge himself only by granting you pardon and being still your friend. Return to your homes. While you have been here, my people have been filling your houses with provisions." In the first gush of gratitude, in the first ecstasy of admiration, there would be no lack of loyalty; and yet in the lapse of months and years that loyalty might have died away, and the fickle Athenians might have been in danger of revolting again. And so when God undeceives the arrested transgressor—when he tells him, "I am not your enemy. I so loved the world as to send it a Savior. I grant you a free pardon, and I only seek to be your Friend. And during this interval, while you have been harboring such hard thoughts, and rebelling against me, I have been preparing a feast of fat things for you;" in the first burst of astonishment there will be no want of devotion. "What shall I render to the Lord? Mine ears must be bored. Behold the Lord's servant forever!" But the bones which rejoice grow used to health. The deliverance ceases to be recent; and when early motives lose their freshness, there is a danger lest, along with waning gratitude, obedience grow stunted and formal. But the same economy of grace which confers on the sinner believing an instant pardon, secures to the believer the teaching and quickening of the Holy Spirit: and though his blessed influences may not always be the subject of a vivid consciousness, they are none the less real; and they are so kindly continued and so effectual, that notwithstanding corruption within and temptation without, the believer is enabled to hold on to the last, not only a new and altered man, but most usually a rising and improving character.

"Seeing, then, that we have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, . . . let us come boldly unto the Throne of Grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." The graciousness of God is an unchanging perfection. Among our weak and fallen brethren we are accustomed to caprice and uncertainty. The last time we parted with the friend nothing could

exceed his frankness and fervor; but as we met him yesterday, all was coldness and unaccountable reserve. The last time we were in the presence of this superior, he was so affable and so confiding that we hoped to rise high in his favor; but as we return to-day, we know not the reason, but his answers are sharp and short, and his face is dark with frowns. You remember the eastern despot. If any entered the presence-chamber unbidden, the monarch might extend the golden scepter, and as the suppliant touched it, he was safe; but if this token were withheld, it was death to the intruder. And the doubt was dreadful. Should the autocrat be in a genial humor, the suppliant's suit is granted and his fortune is made; but just as likely a sleepless night or some vexation has left its thunder on the haughty visage, and when the prostrate petitioner implores the remission of a heavy impost or a reprieve for some doomed kinsman, he is answered with a flash of fury, and, withering like a worm, is carried out to die. But from that caprice and inconsistency which so embitter earthly friendships and so darken human governments, the character and the administration of the great I AM are sublimely exempted. Infinitely exalted above the circumstances which influence ourselves, he is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever—as just, as true, as benevolent, as gracious, as when he opened Paradise to the dying thief, and answered the first petition urged in the name of his holy child Jesus. And—for even here we may get helps to our faith in our earthly experiences—just as there have been men in whom there was a lovely reflection of a loftier excellence—men who had so learned of Jesus that to a goodly degree they exhibited his constancy—men who were not creatures of impulse, but under the guidance of goodness—men who were governed not by personal likings or dislikes, but by great judgment-proof first principles: and you could count on them. The reception which they gave you yesterday, you could rely upon to-day; the award which they had delivered in the last submission they would repeat in its present counterpart: so, in the case of him with whom we have to do. He changeth not. All his decisions and all his doings in past conjunctures have been the best which infinite Wisdom could pronounce, or infinite Goodness could perform; and when similar exigencies occur, or similar pleas are offered, like interpositions will occur and like answers will be returned. God is no respecter of persons. His throne is founded on first principles, and all his procedure is that which boundless Benevolence would dictate, and which a Wisdom that

knows the end from the beginning would approve. So that we may safely say, that the most absolute of all governments is withal the least arbitrary, and that the scepter whose sway is the most resistless is the scepter under the completest control—the scepter whose movements we could most infallibly calculate if in each case we knew beforehand what equity and kindness required; for it obeys no fitful fiat nor ever yields to passing impulse; but in its oscillations, however causeless or however the result of mere self-acting volition they may appear to us, it is still obeying the “good pleasure of” God’s “goodness.”

So constant is God’s grace that there is nothing on which we may count more securely. The throne which God has set up in this world of ours is a throne of clemency; and “grace reigns” is the purport of every Gospel proclamation. In other words, we are told, that in virtue of the satisfying work of the Savior, it is consistent with God’s holiness to yield to the promptings of his compassion; and now that it is no injustice to cancel expiated sin, it is a great joy to pardon the sinner.

In the exercise of God’s clemency there is nothing arbitrary, nothing capricious or uncertain. All is first principle; all is fixed and revealed arrangement; all partakes the constancy of him whose dispositions, amidst every various dispensation, know no shadow of turning. Nothing will ever alter God’s love for his beloved Son. Nothing will ever lessen his complacency in the finished work of the Savior, or lead him to give a colder reception to the sinner who pleads the merits of Immanuel than he gave to the blasphemer of Tarsus and the converted voluptuaries of Corinth. But as long as man’s Mediator keeps his station at the right hand of the Father—as long as the blood of our divine Brother retains its voice, and speaks better things than the blood of Abel—as long as the echoes of the upper sanctuary repeat that dying cry, “Father, forgive them”—so long will it be just in God to pass by transgression, and so long will it be a joy to all his generosity to bestow the pardon which penitence craves, and which justice no longer withholds.

In order to receive that pardon, we have only to come to God through Jesus Christ. There are no courtly punctilios prescribed, but there is a great principle laid down. That principle is, that whoso shall so far agree with God himself as to give glory to the work of Immanuel, shall benefit by that work; or, otherwise expressed, that whosoever shall subscribe his name to that petition for pardon which has already received

the signature of the atoning surety, shall never come into condemnation, but in the very fact is already passed from death to life. In such an event—in the case of such believing in Christ—in the case of such an adhesion to the scheme of mercy, there need be no more doubt as to the forthcoming pardon than there need be distrust in the laws of nature. To those who come for it to the throne of grace, God himself has taught us that his mercies are as sure, as it is sure that the thick cloud will be blotted out and melted away in the blazing beam—as it is sure that the sun will soon salute his expectant gaze whose eyes are turned to the serene and brightening orient—as it is sure that the rich round drops will not spin upward through the firmament and disperse through empty space, but will descend on the outspread, eager soil. If we return to the Lord, thus surely will he raise us up and cause us to live in his sight; for his going forth is prepared as the morning, and he shall come unto us as the latter and former rain comes down on the earth.

Reader! let each of us, then, take words and say, "O God, I am thy creature. Every moment I depend on thee; and if I am to lead a blessed life here and hereafter, it must be a heaven of thine own giving, and it must be given to one whose desert is hell. But I hope in thy mercy. Though it has taught me that thou wilt not connive at sin, the cross of Christ has taught me thy clemency. And encouraged by thine own invitations, I come to thee. I come in the name of him who, occupying the nearest relation to thyself, was so generous as to become the near relation and the all-sufficing representative of our fallen family. O Father of our Lord Jesus, for his sake have mercy on a miserable sinner. His sufferings do thou accept in lieu of my merited punishment, and let his spotless obedience earn my admission to a forfeited heaven. I believe thine own declaration that thou art a God ready to pardon, and I now draw nigh rejoicing to think that it is on a throne of grace that thou givest me this audience. From that throne I beseech thee send down the Holy Spirit the Comforter. May he increase and perpetuate those grateful feelings and devout affections which, I trust, he himself has enkindled, and conduct me to the end of my course a lowly but true-hearted follower of the blessed Redeemer! And whatever else I forget, may I ever remember that I have a great High-Priest who is passed into the heavens; and may I never forget the revelation of this hour; but always come boldly to the throne of grace, that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need: for Jesus' sake! Amen."

Vol. XV.—23

THE WREATH.

BY REV. L. E. GURLEY.

LAURA K. was the best looking girl in the school at "Spear Grove," a school of by-gone years. And what man or woman, long after the bowers of youth have been left forever, can not look back and remember such a one—one whose name, and features, and history are still fresh in recollection, while others repose under the waves of oblivion!

Laura was bright as she was beautiful, and in such branches as were taught in that school at that day certainly she had no superior—so beautiful in penmanship, so accurate in arithmetic, so correct in pronunciation. In orthography she was at the head of her class always and ever, except once a week, when, for variety, the teacher reversed the class, making the foot the head. This was some encouragement to the dull ones; but as incompetency, when elevated by accident or circumstances, soon develops its real character, and, like water, finds again its own level, so with these, and Saturday would be sure to find Laura again at the head of her class. And then at the spelling school in the evening, where the 'squire and the deacon, and their wives and the young men who had "finished their education," and every body were expected to be present, Laura was peerless. If she "missed" a word, it was a subject for a week's conversation. Every one loved Laura, she was so kind. Little Orpha Brown would always sit beside her, because, as she said, "Miss Laura wouldn't let the other girls plague her on account of her patched dress and moccasins."

How often she was seen sharing her basket of brown, light "doughnuts" and dried venison with little Emma Roe, whose father was dead, and whose scanty dinner was often merely corn-meal cake! But a gay girl was Laura K. She loved to look fine, and to dress a little better than any of her associates. The first Leghorn hat that ever honored Spear Grove was on Laura's head; and the first wreath of artificial flowers known in those parts was on Laura's hat. The first time she wore the wreath was at an evening meeting, and for a time, at least, it seemed to attract more attention than the minister.

But I will not stop to describe how a whole bevy of girls looked at each other, and smiled and winked, and how the young men looked soberly, as if they were wondering whether Laura would ever speak to them again, and how, at the close of the meeting, when the deacon prayed that the "youth of the place might be saved

from the fading vanities of the world," all eyes were turned to Laura and her wreath. Even the "Prairie Bard," as they called him—a bashful boy of sixteen years—could not let so fine an opportunity pass without invoking the muses to aid him in giving utterance to his heart-felt emotions. So, musing on the subject he retired to rest. Long before the light of morning dawned he awoke, and after listening awhile to the distant murmuring of Lake Erie he rose, and lighting a lamp at the buried embers of the hearth, he re-ascended to his apartment in the cabin, and actually perpetrated a poem entitled, "The Artificial Flower." The rustic verses ran thus:

"Say, what are those on yonder head-dress hung?
Emblems of roses in expanded bloom;
Not such as nature's smile hath sweetly flung
In wild profuse to cheer the vale's deep gloom.

No, they are but the fickle, gaudy plumes
Formed by the mimic hand of human art.
In vain the wreath a rosy tint assumes;
Alas! no fragrance can those flowers impart.

Better go place them on the wrinkled brow
Of some lost fair—"

But enough for a specimen. Somehow without consent of the author the piece found its way into the county paper, and was circulated in the neighborhood. It was deemed pretty severe moralizing for a young rhymist of sixteen, and there was no small fluttering in the community of Spear Grove. Some said the Prairie Bard had no right to meddle with the matter, as he was no professor; others said it was just right, for "Laura was too proud." But the gay Laura took no offense; she even hinted to a friend that she was pleased with the verses. She smiled on, and studied on, and sported her rosy wreath, and cared for no body.

Years passed before any other girl in Spear Grove ventured to follow her example in superfluous decoration, and when they did so that first wreath was well nigh forgotten.

Now, what influence could that young girl, or her wreath of mimic flowers, have on the future life of that young man? Perhaps none—possibly much. A feather may turn a nicely-balanced scale. Let us see.

A few years on and that young rhymist became a member of the Church. People whispered that he would become a minister. Why they should think so was marvelous to him.

True, he had thought on the subject himself, and felt a strong desire to devote his entire life in publishing to others a Savior who had recently become so precious to him. But he had hinted to no mortal ear his feelings. Even his own de-

sires were rather repressed than fostered. Who was he that he should think of such a responsible position—a backwoods boy, unnoticed and unknown! With no competent education, no pretensions to talent, diffident in company, and shrinking from observation, was the thing to be thought of? And so he tried to banish the impression from his mind.

But in meetings for social worship, which were frequent in Spear Grove, he could not keep silent. Often the pent-up feelings of his soul would swell his throbbing heart and find utterance in burning words and gushing tears. Moreover, the repressed thought would not be exiled from his bosom, but as often as sent away returned again to his breast, like Noah's dove to the ark, and nestled there.

How much that thought followed and perplexed him I can not tell—how, when he sought the "bower of prayer" in the grove beyond the field, it met him there; and when some youthful associate was carried to the grave it met him there; or how, in meeting for social worship, held for want of better places, in groves and barns, as the tide of feeling rose in the audience, he was sometimes tempted to pledge himself publicly to the work of the Lord.

Sometimes when, at twilight hour, of summer eve, a female friend would sing at his request,

"Hark! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's high and flowery mount
Behold her officers;"

the words would stir the deep fountains of his soul, and he would feel like grasping the standard and rushing to the battle-field of Zion. When he encouraged the idea that he was called to the work of the ministry he was happy; when he resisted it he was sad and gloomy. Slowly but steadily the conviction of duty gained upon him, till he came to the conclusion that to resist the impression longer would be to resist the Holy Spirit of God; and when, unsolicited, license was put into his hand, and a neat pocket Bible was presented to him by a friend, with these apostolic words written on the fly-leaf, "Study to show thyself approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," he settled fully in his mind the question: he must become a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. But the time—here was a wide margin for expediency. Could he not wait to bury his father or to sharpen his sickle? though the harvest seemed ripe enough and the laborers were few. Yes, he might preach occasionally on the Sabbath and prosecute business

during the week, and thus lay a foundation for worldly competence; for Mammon whispered, "Else you will always be poor; get property first, and then go into the field."

At this juncture a tempting offer was made to him to engage in a business which promised to be lucrative, and to postpone to a future period what he felt to be immediate duty. A sore conflict of mind ensued, which lasted for some time; but he did not neglect the improvement of his talent; he studied books, held meetings in destitute places, and was encouraged by seeing some fruit of his labor.

One Sabbath afternoon he preached in his own neighborhood, surrounded by his young associates, whom curiosity, if nothing better, had collected in the old school-house. Laura K. was there, too. But the Leghorn hat and wreath had passed away, and, by most persons, probably was forgotten. That night the young preacher retired thoughtfully to rest in the same apartment where he had penned the "Artificial Flower," and the same murmuring of the distant lake lulled him to repose.

He dreamed—what? why, that a messenger came to tell him that Laura K. was dead! Quick as lightning the thought rushed to his mind, "Dead! Laura dead! O have I done my duty! Did I do all I could to win her to the Savior?" No satisfactory answer seemed to come, and he resolved to go at once to the house of death.

Proceeding to the place he entered noiselessly the familiar room, and there he beheld, robed in snowy white and laid out on a bed, the once gay and lovely Laura. Silently approaching the bed he bent over her pale and still beautiful face, when, to his great amazement, the corpse opened its eyes and looked earnestly at him.

"She is not dead!" he exclaimed, and placing his hand beneath her head, as if to raise her to a sitting posture, she seemed light as a feather, and glided like a spirit from his hand to a distant corner of the room, where she stood upright, assuming a stature of extraordinary magnitude and angelic appearance. Her robes were of dazzling brightness, but in singular contrast with her unearthly aspect. On her head was that forgotten hat and wreath of flowers. An awful and majestic sternness settled on her countenance; her eyes seemed charged with lightning, and were fixed with steadfast and mysterious gaze on the youthful preacher. No words can describe the look of those piercing eyes; their burning glances went like daggers to his heart, and for a moment the young man stood petrified and speechless. Her look was an accusing one, and he felt it. At

length he exclaimed, "In the name of heaven, Laura, why gaze thus at me!" She replied sternly, "You are guilty of murder." Now, thought he, this is terrible to be accused of such a crime, and that, too, by one just risen from the dead. Surely I am guilty of no such a deed; but she will be believed and I shall be disgraced, condemned, perhaps executed. Then turning with agitated countenance to the accusing spirit, for such it now seemed, he cried, "Tell me, I adjure thee, this moment, whom I have murdered, and if guilty I will frankly confess."

Slowly the specter raised her pale hand, and pointing with her finger directly at his heart, she uttered in such tones as never came from mortal lips, in slow and measured accents, these burning words, "Thou art guilty of the blood of souls in not warning them to flee from the wrath to come." Suddenly, as if struck with the lightning's bolt, the young man fell prostrate on the floor, exclaiming, in tones of anguish, "Guilty! guilty!"

At that moment he awoke, trembling with excitement and bathed in tears. It was but a dream, but those burning words followed him and sounded in his ears, "The blood of souls." What if his Savior should, at some future time, reiterate them in his hearing!

A rosy morn succeeded to that troubled night; but all day long that accusing spirit was before him; her white robes flashed before his eyes. That piercing look—the unutterable anguish of that moment—what if it should become a verity! During that day he was not thoughtless, and as the last beams of the setting sun lingered on the tall tree-tops of the forest, God heard, from a sequestered bower, a vow which has never been recalled. That dream was never decided to have been supernatural; but no matter, it was suggestive and illustrative of a condition of mind which for worlds he would not endure. A short time for preparation, and the "Prairie Bard" forsook his rustic harp and rural home for the itinerant field; and although a quarter of a century has rolled over him he has never regretted his vow nor forgotten that "wreath of flowers."

VICE.

A SOCIETY composed of none but the wicked could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, without a flood, would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity. The moral cement of all society is virtue. Where there is no integrity there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence there can be no unanimity.

THE SEA BOY'S GRAVE.

"All tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky."

AS we drew near the end of our voyage from the West Indies, the weather became squally, and we had occasionally a good deal of sea, which made things very uncomfortable on board. A sailor, who had behaved very ill at the outset of the voyage, and with whom the men had declined keeping company, had been seized with a fever; and although it had been in some measure subdued, yet the poor fellow was in a very dangerous state. He had been a bad and wicked man; and now that he was apparently drawing near to death, it was desirable that some care and kindness might be shown him in regard to his soul. The captain and crew were very indifferent upon the subject; and I had been so ill, that I was scarcely able to get out of my berth. There happened, however, to be a boy on board, who went among the sailors by the nickname of Pious Jack; or what was, perhaps, equally to his honor, or to the honor of the philanthropist from whom he derived it, they used to call him Jack Raikes, from his having been educated in one of the Sunday schools of "Robert Raikes, of Gloucester;" of which city the boy, John Pelham, was a native. Poor Jack, however, cared very little for the sneers and scoffs of the seamen; and the meekness, patience, and temper with which he endured the jibes and jeers of many on board, often gave me occasion to say, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy."

When Williams, the poor sailor, was dying, and indeed all the time he had been ill, no body had shown him any kindness except little Jack and a negro woman who was on board, the attendant of a child, whom she was bringing over to some relations in England. This woman, who was always called Cleo, ministered to the wants of the dying seaman, nursing him with great tenderness, and preparing with her own hands whatever she thought would be likely to tempt his sickly appetite.

The little Creole, whom Cleo had in charge, was a sweet child, about four years old. I saw her very seldom, for she generally amused herself on deck, when the weather would permit, playing with a pet kid which had been spared for her sake, and which followed her wherever she went. She had taught it to go down and up the companion ladder, and she would bring it in her arms into my cabin, almost every morning, when she came to ask me how I did.

This excellent negress was kind and attentive to the sick and young, for we had two or three of both on board; and though she had little idea of the profounder doctrines of Christianity, she yet possessed some knowledge of the truth, and she had a deep sympathy for the soul of the dying man. She could not read herself, but she knew that the Bible revealed the Christian's God, and taught the way to heaven; and she would sit with devout attention, listening to every word which the dear boy, Jack, read from that holy book, not only from day to day, but whenever he could persuade Williams to hearken to it.

Things had gone on in this way for some time, when one day Jack came into my cabin, his face bathed in tears, a look of horror on his countenance, his whole frame trembling with agitation, and himself unable to speak; I thought from his appearance that poor Williams was dead, and that he had left poor Jack no "hope in his death."

"What's the matter, Jack?" I said, starting up on my elbow in bed. "What has happened? Williams—is he dead?"

"Dear sir," said the boy, regardless of my question, "Williams—poor Williams! he is in agony of soul; he says he is lost—that he is a ruined sinner—that he must, sir—he must—O! I can not say the word—he says God will cast him into the place," continued Jack, in a burst of inexpressible anguish, "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth! O! what shall I say to him?"

"Dear boy," I said, "do not afflict your soul so bitterly. It is well that Williams feels all this; take it, my child, as a token for good from the hand of your heavenly Father, who is not unmindful of your prayers and labors of love for this trembling penitent. Go to him again, bid him call upon his God; he has said, 'Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee!' Tell him that God is, indeed, as he believes him to be, a just God, who will by no means clear the guilty without an atonement; bid him believe in the blood of that atonement already made for the sins of many; tell him God *can* be just, even while he pardons all his sins, if he throws himself upon his mercy in Christ Jesus. Say to him, it is not too late to believe—neither is it too late for God to have mercy; the Lord delighteth in mercy; only let him seek repentance at the throne of grace, and faith in the blood that cleanseth from all sin. O, say to him, God waiteth to be gracious!"

"Sir," replied Jack, "I have told him all this already; but he says he can not believe it. He says every body's sins are forgiven but his. I have told him the history of the thief on the

cross—of the laborer called at the eleventh hour—of the lost sheep—and all the parables about God's love to sinners—and how Christ came into the world on purpose to save sinners, even the chief. But he says he can not believe it; and he will not pray!"

"Nevertheless, go to him again, my dear, good boy; read to him, and I will come and pray with him." This I said, not knowing that the boy was able of himself to pray for another.

I rose with difficulty, and found my way into the way where Williams was sitting up in his hammock, his face pale and ghastly, his eyes sunk in his forehead, and his bosom laboring with the heavy respiration of death. Jack and Cleo were both on their knees beside his berth; and the little child, not well knowing the meaning of what she did, had covered her face with her hands; but she was evidently looking through her half-closed eyelids. Jack was reading the office for the sick; Williams, deeply agitated, his hands clasped, and his emaciated fingers convulsively compressed against each other, was now and then attempting to pray. After every petition, the little sea boy paused for the dying man's response, saying, he would read no further if Williams still refused to pray to God.

"Open thine eye of mercy, O most gracious God!" said the boy at last, closing the book, and speaking, I suppose, from memory, or perhaps out of the abundance of his own heart, "Open thine eye of mercy upon this dying man, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness, but will not pray for it."

"O, earnestly!" exclaimed the wretched man, with a voice so full of the bitterness of death that it sent back the blood in a cold shiver to my heart.

"Renew in him, most loving Father," continued the little intercessor, "whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud or malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will; O, impute not unto him the guilt of his former sins!"

The boy here paused again and looked with an eye of supplication upon Williams, beseeching him, as if with the whole tenderness of his soul, to reiterate the petition; but Williams replied only with a look of horror.

"For the sake of Christ," resumed the little suppliant, "who bore our sins in his own body upon the cross, show thy pity on Harry Williams!"

The boy again paused, and taking the hand of Williams, attempted, by an act of kind compulsion, to raise it into an attitude of supplication.

"He has no hope, O Lord, but in thy sweet

mercy! O, visit him with thy benign salvation!"

"I have no hope!" at last exclaimed the man, wringing his hands in despair; "I have no hope!"

"O, look down from the height of thy sanctuary, and hear the groaning of this poor prisoner, and loose him who seemeth now to be appointed unto death!"

"O, I am appointed unto death!"

"O Lord! wilt thou not regard the cry of the destitute? behold, he is destitute! we can do nothing to help him—help thou him, O our God!"

"Help me, O my God!"

"O Lord, save! save this poor dying man; O, save Harry Williams!"

"Lord, save Harry Williams!" was uttered by all present, even by the little child; and Williams, softened by their affectionate sympathy, and doubtless also by the power of that word which is both spirit and life, melted into tenderness, and, falling back on his pillow, shed a torrent of tears.

These tears, the first that had moistened his burning brain since the commencement of his sickness, evidently brought relief to his overburdened spirit. As drops of rain to the bruised reed, or as the evening breeze to the smoking flax, they were just what nature required at this moment of deep extremity. I sat by him till the emotion that swelled his heart and filled his eye had somewhat subsided; and, commending him to the Father of mercies, withdrew to my cabin.

I did not see him again for many days after this, my own indisposition having increased, but I heard of him often, both from Jack and the negro woman. Every moment the boy could spare from the duties of his station on board, was occupied in reading the Scriptures to Williams, who was now often seen engaged in prayer for himself; and he began by degrees to talk less of the *justice* of God, a subject which had always filled him with alarm, and more of his *love*.

After a few days, being considerably better, I told Jack that I would see Williams to-morrow. Cleo, however, said that she thought Williams was now too near his end for me to delay my visit; I, therefore, arose in the evening and went again to his berth.

The horror, so strongly marked in every feature the first time I saw him, had dwelt upon my mind, and, on entering the little place where he was lying in his cot, I dreaded the idea of looking on him again. But how sweet was my surprise when I beheld in poor—no, in happy

Williams, a countenance of the most touching complacency, and of a placidity so soft, that one would have thought that death, which was evidently upon the very threshold, was the object, not of fear, but of long-desired approach! He had suffered much in the interval between my former visit and this from many doubts and fears; but now they seemed to have been all subdued; and he said to me, with the triumph of one deeply conscious to whom the glory was due, "I am a conqueror through Him that loved me. O, that wonderful love!"

I spoke to him for some time of the grounds on which he built his hopes, and was much satisfied with all he said in reply. He heard me with all the attention and courtesy which the subject demanded; but he seemed as if he thought—so grateful was he—that he wronged his young friend, in deriving consolation from any one's conversation but his. Every word the boy now uttered was as much a source of joy to Williams as it had formerly been of horror. He said to him, two or three times that night, referring to the struggle he had had in the morning, "It is calm now, Jack—all calm. Is this peace?"

"Yes," replied he, "I trust it is peace, the peace of God, which the Bible says passeth all understanding."

"Who has given me this peace?" said Williams, as if he delighted in the ascription of praise to his divine Redeemer, "Who hath given me this peace?"

"Christ," said the boy, in a voice so solemn and so soft, that it seemed like the breathing of some ministering angel, rather than the articulation of a human voice. "Christ is our peace; he hath made peace for us."

"Yes," said Williams, "by the blood of his cross."

Whether it was that the near presence of death naturally tends to unnerve us, or that my spirits were weak from long confinement, I can not tell, but I felt compelled, at this moment, to steal away, to hide the emotion gathering round my heart, which I was unable any longer to repress.

I lay awake all night, meditating on the things I had seen and heard in poor Harry's berth. No sound disturbed the repose of all on board, except the man at the helm, as he chanted, from time to time, some doleful ditty. In the midst of this calm the spirit of Harry Williams winged its flight aloft, entering into the presence of Him whom the heaven of heavens can not contain, and mingling with the thousand thousands of ministering spirits which, "thick as stars, surround him."

The next day but one the body of Williams was committed to the mighty deep. The poor boy, on this occasion, seemed to feel as if, for the first time, that his friend and pupil was indeed no more. But when he heard the heavy plunge of the corpse in the water; when he heard the waves, with a gurgling sound, close over the body, and shut out forever all that remained of dear Harry Williams, the boy, unable any longer to control the violence of his feelings, uttered a piercing cry, and, so infectious is unfeigned sorrow, that many an iron countenance, that gave little indication of a kind heart within, was that day bedewed with tears.

I looked upon the whole circumstances of this day's scene as a merciful and providential preparation for what followed; for, three days after, as we drew near the Land's End, a strong gale of wind from the west south-west sprung up, and missing the port in the Channel for which we were bound, we made for the Downs, expecting to have come to anchor there; but the wind shifted, and, continuing more boisterous than at the first, we were glad to stand out to sea. We sprung a leak, and were driven at the mercy of the winds and waves for three days and three nights, till we knew not well where we were. It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the feelings of those on board. The moment of danger is not the time for any one to seek peace with God; and that which ought to be the object of every day's labor should not be left to hours of peril and sickness to accomplish. *Now*, indeed, is always an accepted time, and God forbid that I should dare to limit the mercy that is measureless; but they who have neglected the great salvation in the day of sunshine and of calm, come with a load of aggravated provocations before God, when they draw near to him only in the whirlwind and the storm.

The wind being somewhat abated, in the course of the fourth day from our leaving the Channel, we made the Firth of Forth, and came to anchor. But the storm, which during the last two or three hours had subsided into a sullen calm, burst out again, toward sunset, with a tremendous fury, and driving us from our moorings, it carried us among the islands of the Firth. At half-past eleven o'clock, in the absence of moon and stars, and amid cries of "Breakers ahead!" we struck upon a sunken rock, the mainmast coming down with a fearful crash.

In the midst of all this outward misery and distress, I felt a keener edge set to my own sufferings by witnessing the affliction of the affectionate negress, and the anguish with which she

gazed upon her "Massa's child." Her own fate she seemed to meet with heroic firmness, sustained, I hope, by her confidence in God, and her confidence in the Redeemer. "But Massa's child, my Missis' little girl!"—she wrung her hands over her in unutterable agony. Her deep despair was strangely contrasted by the infantine composure of the child. For the last half hour she had held her little bleating pet in her lap, saying she would not have Nanny to be drowned; and when she saw Cleo, and Jack, and I, and all, I may say, engaged at intervals in prayer, she would try to imitate us, saying, with a most solemn look, "Lord, let me die with Cleo, and Jack will pray for me to Jesus Christ."

As the flood-tide set in, the breakers on the rock became more and more tremendous. The boat was hoisted out, but the shore presented no hope whatever of safety, for it was one unbroken reef of rocks and shelving stones, on which the sea was dashing with a noise like thunder. I determined to abide by the wreck; and, seeing I could but die, while I had life I left no means of self-preservation unimproved; so, lashing myself to a spar, I silently witnessed the embarkation of Cleo and her child, dear Jack, and some others of the sailors, in the boat. With much difficulty the men were enabled to set a little bit of sail, and made for the shore, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, who were looking with anguish upon our miserable situation. When they put off from the wreck, they went pretty well for about a quarter of a mile or so, the sail keeping them buoyant, and the boat standing with her head against the waves. But as she drew nearer and nearer the surf, a tremendous squall involved them all in darkness, and torrents of rain quite shut them out from our view. But, O, how shall I relate what followed!—the sky cleared almost as suddenly as it was overcast—the squall subsided—the sun shone out—we looked, and looked again, till our eye-balls were almost bursting from their sockets—we strained our vision again to look; and the cry, "Where's the boat?—where's the boat?"—the shriek from the spectators on the cliffs, and the groans from my fellow-sufferers on the wreck, came at once with a louder and more fearful sweep than even the wildest ravings of the tempest. Again it returned, in one simultaneous burst of anguish. The sea, indeed, answered the demand, and gave up the boat; but she gave not up the dead—the boat appeared, driven with her keel above the waters; but her interesting freight was gone forever!

O the horrors of that moment! And yet, amid

them all, while I clung shivering to the shrouds of the vessel, expecting every moment to be swallowed up by the merciless sea, I felt, as it were, a beam of light cross my soul as I followed in spirit the sailor boy, and beheld him, with his ransomed companions, enter into the joy of his Lord.

The wreck, contrary to all human calculation, continued to hold together till next morning, when, the storm having been succeeded by a calm, that smiled, as it were, on the ruin its predecessors had accomplished, my fellow-sufferers and myself were brought, by the kind care of the fishermen on the coast, safe to land.

Being much exhausted, I went to bed in a little cottage, whose generous owner hospitably opened her door to receive me. In the evening I arose, and went to view the bodies of those who had been washed ashore. On the low but decent bed of the little village ale-house, Cleo and her "Massa's child" were lying. They were clasped together in an inseparable embrace—the child's hand reposing on the bosom of her nurse; and the swarthy arms of Cleo were locked around her little darling; while death itself, which severs the dearest and fondest ties of human tenderness, here appeared only to have rendered their communion more indissoluble. They were buried in each other's arms.

I was turning away from the last view of their remains, when I perceived that poor Nanny, the pet kid, who had survived by swimming ashore, and who had followed me into the room, had climbed with its fore-feet upon the bed, and was licking the dead hand of its sweet little playmate.

Poor Jack—less honored, but surely not less worthy of honor—was laid out on a sheet on the floor, a blue checkered shirt his only shroud. On his hands and face a few scratches were visible, which he had received from the rocks. Yet his countenance wore a heavenly expression; and, stooping down, I robbed his dear head of a little lock of auburn hair. His effects—alas! how poor! and yet how rich!—were spread upon a table in the room, and consisted of a little leathern purse, in which was a well-kept half crown and a solitary sixpence. His Bible was placed by his side. I took it up and observed engraven on its clasps of brass these words: "The gift of Robert Raikes to J. R. Pelham, Glo'ster." O Raikes! this is one gem of purest light; but it is but one of the many thousand gems that shall encircle thy radiant head in that day when the Lord of hosts shall make up his jewels! For they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.—*True Tales for Spare Hours.*

EXTREMES IN RELATION TO DRESS.

"This is no time to encourage superfluity of apparel."

BY REV. L. A. EDDY.

IN selecting the above from a little book which is not as well known as it should be, as the basis of a few remarks on personal ornaments, I propose to show how superfluity in dress is sometimes encouraged, and why it is now no time for us to give such encouragement. Before, however, we consider these questions, there are two or three preliminary ones which should be settled.

The first is, whether this subject is really worthy of our serious attention. There are some professed Christians who look upon such discussions as very puerile business; and when their pastor makes pointed allusions to this topic, if they do not actually turn his instructions into ridicule, seem to wonder how any sensible, well-bred man can so far degrade the dignity of the pulpit as to expatiate on matters so trifling. Do such persons realize that thoughts like these not only seriously reflect upon their pastor, but his divine Master, the almighty Governor of the universe, who has seen fit to incorporate these *small* things into his statutes, which he has expressly required his ambassadors to publish, and by which all mankind are to be judged at the last day? Do they realize that human life is chiefly made up of what are called little things, and that the neglect of or attention to really small matters often furnishes infallible tests of character? Such persons would do well to consider the pithy answer of a minister to a lady, who, when he advised her in relation to certain points of practical piety, said she thought he was rather too precise: he replied, "I serve a precise God."

Another question is, whether there is, at the present time, *occasion* for the agitation of this subject. There certainly is not if the evil has only an imaginary existence in the Church, or, if real, is gradually disappearing. But is either of these suppositions sustained by facts? I think not. Without reference to those times when some of our fathers leaned to the extreme not merely of simplicity, but of Quakerish singularity of dress, has there not been within a few years past an obvious tendency toward excessive show and extravagance, and with certain classes an eagerness amounting almost to a mania for the display particularly of jewelry? If not, I shall be happy to be convinced of my mistake; but if I am correct, should we not avail ourselves of every means to enlighten errorists on this subject, and show that, although almost inexhaustible mines of gold have been discovered in California, the

Divine prohibition against adorning our persons with it has not been repealed?

But the most important preliminary query is, what are we to understand by superfluity of apparel? This question confessedly is not so easily answered. Even Mr. Wesley is not so explicit upon this point as is desirable. For instance, in his Sermon on Dress—Vol. II, page 259—he tells us, that, while the Bible manifestly "forbids ordinary Christians, those in the lower or middle ranks of life, to be adorned with gold, or pearls, or costly apparel," he doubts whether "any part of the Scripture forbids those in any nation that are invested with supreme authority to be arrayed in gold and costly apparel, or to adorn their immediate attendants, or magistrates, or officers, with the same." Now, if the reader will turn to Volume VI, page 549, of Mr. Wesley's Works, he will find an entirely different and, I think, more consistent view of the matter. He says, "Our Savior once occasionally said, 'Behold they who wear gorgeous [splendid] apparel are in kings' courts;' but he does not say they ought to be even there; he neither enjoins nor countenances it."

Whether this last is his more mature view of the point in question, I am unable to say, but, I repeat, it seems more consistent and Scriptural than the former; for if we admit that one class of Christians, whatever their position in society, may, without sin, array themselves in gold or pearls, we must of course allow those "in the lower or middle ranks of life" to do the same. Indeed, is it not more important that Christian simplicity should characterize those of highly cultivated minds, and who occupy influential positions in society, than those of more limited advantages? The truth is, whatever may be the meaning of the apostolic interdictions on this subject, they are of universal application. Though specifically addressed to females, the principle involved applies to both sexes and to all classes. Still it must be admitted that the culpability of the use of what are usually termed superfluous ornaments depends much upon circumstances. Gold is not, in itself, an evil. It is not the use, but the abuse of gold that is forbidden. We have no proof that it is impossible to wear this or other precious metals about our persons without an infraction of God's law. But there can be no doubt of the sinfulness of their use when we "adorn" ourselves with them, and wear them as mere ornaments.

As trivial a matter as we may affect to view this subject, individuals never purchase jewelry and put it upon their own persons or their children

without some motive in so doing. The pleas of custom, fashion, education, pecuniary ability, or position in community are of no avail, when conscience, on being closely interrogated, unequivocally, though perhaps reluctantly, answers that these things are worn not for utility, but only for show, for personal adornment. And is it not to be feared there are too many who, anticipating the condemnatory verdict of conscience, studiously avoid bringing these "trifles" before this tribunal, and, hence, heedlessly follow the multitude to do evil?

Although it is clearly sinful to wear gold and other ornaments when our hearts condemn the pride or other unholy passion which prompted their use, let us not infer that the practice is innocent in all cases when we can not reproach ourselves for being influenced by such motives. There are other methods of learning our duty in relation to this subject, if this is really our desire. Let us then ask ourselves these questions: 1. Do we allow ourselves to wear those things that, before we made a profession of religion, we clearly thought were unbecoming the followers of the meek and lowly Savior, and which lessened the influence of such wearers upon us? Have we the right in this way to disqualify ourselves for usefulness to the irreligious? 2. Do we indulge in ornaments which we think improper to be worn by those who make a *high* profession of religion? But have not we made a high profession? Did not we, at the sacred altar, solemnly renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of this world? 3. Do we dress in such a manner as to give no occasion of offense or stumbling to others? Are we not to avoid the very *appearance* of evil? We may not, perhaps, be vain of our apparel; but will not others have reason to think we are? I say, have *reason* to think we are; for it must be admitted there are unreasonable persons who, being destitute not only of good taste, but of neatness and decency, are perpetually declaiming against those who are not as negligent, rustic, or antiquated in their personal habiliments as themselves. Indeed, such querulous people we can not, and we ought not to satisfy by yielding to their demands. For if, as Mr. Wesley says, neatness is a duty, and slovenliness a sin, we are not at liberty to sacrifice the former and adopt the latter to please any body. But there are those who, not with a captious, but teachable spirit, look to us as examples, and are prompt to tread in our footsteps. Can we with confidence say to all such, "Follow us even as we follow Christ?" In a word, do we act in these

matters with a single eye to the glory of God as proprietors of nothing, but as stewards of his manifold grace? By earnest inquiries like these, sincere searchers after duty, it is presumed, will not long remain in doubt as to what constitutes superfluity of dress, at least so far as they personally are concerned.

But in what manner is encouragement given, or can it be given, for such superfluity? Let us examine into the question.

It is sometimes given by openly advocating the use of external ornaments. It is hoped not many are guilty of this impropriety. Still there have been, and yet are, those who either ignore those passages in the New Testament which forbid their use, or so explain them as to make them of no force or effect. Thus even the pious Burkitt, in his note on 1 Peter iii, 3, says, "This text doth not absolutely forbid the wearing of ornaments or costly apparel by such persons whose quality will answer it, but only forbids pride and vanity, affectation and ostentation, in the wearing them; it is not only lawful to cover the body, but to adorn the body. Abraham had never sent earrings and bracelets to Rebecca had they been sinful in their use." The fallacy of referring to the example of an Old Testament patriarch to explain away a positive New Testament precept, in which even the "quality" are not excepted, is too obvious to require enlargement. Such pleas, together with those which point to the floral and other embellishments of nature, as justifications of gorgeous and expensive apparel, are only alluded to as proof that *direct* encouragement is occasionally given to this indulgence.

Superfluity in dress is more frequently encouraged by *example*. Whatever, for instance, may be the private views or public teachings of a minister of the Gospel, if he personally follows close at the heels of capricious Fashion in the color or fabrication of his apparel, especially when showy, expensive, and inconvenient trappings are demanded by this goddess, his influence, of course, is on the side of worldly vanity; for "while precept whispers, example thunders." I know not, indeed, but that a clergyman might preach against superfluous ornaments with some degree of confidence while he has a gold watch in his pocket, and gold spectacles on his nose, as watches and spectacles are sometimes very useful articles for ministers—though some think that silver ones are equally serviceable—but how a man without blushing could declare the whole counsel of God on this subject with an enormous gold ring on his finger, such as I recently saw conspicuously

displayed in the pulpit, is a mystery that I shall not attempt to solve.

While on the subject of ministerial example, I must not omit the remark that preachers encourage excessive indulgence in dress when they allow it in their own family. It is a bad state of things when a pastor has occasion in the sacred desk to dilate on this form of pride, if one glance from his auditors at the brilliant display of jewelry upon the persons of his own wife and children is sufficient not only to neutralize all he says, but to turn his instructions into ridicule. It is, indeed, a sad affair when it is truthfully gossiped, "Our minister's family are more gayly attired than any other in the congregation." For if the preacher fail in the government of his own household, what confidence can he have of success in administering wholesome discipline to others?

In this connection perhaps allusion should be made to another source of encouragement to this indulgence. I refer to the patronage too commonly extended by Christian parents in behalf of that numerous class of Lady's Books and periodicals, in which the "latest fashions" are pictorially paraded and studiously commented upon, with elegant engravings of eminent literary, and even pious, females represented in an excessively ornate, if not really immodest costume.

Again, this practice may be encouraged by *silence*. Let a daughter spend a large portion of her precious time at the toilet, and habitually decorate herself with tawdry ornaments, without one word of remonstrance from her father or mother, or other token of disapprobation, and is it strange if she construes their silence into approval? So if a minister, mingling with his people, sees the members of his Church running into the extremes of fashion and extravagance in dress without either public or private reproof, it requires no labored argument to prove that he thus certainly, though indirectly, encourages such unchristian practices. For although the maxim, "Silence gives consent," may not be applicable in all cases, it does apply to those whose special business is to instruct the people in every thing, great and small, which has a bearing upon moral and religious culture.

I must not omit to remark that superfluities have sometimes been encouraged by the injudicious conduct of reformers. As one extreme begets another, the natural tendency of fanatical measures to remove this, as well as other evils, is to aggravate it. If in former times there were zealots who, in correcting violators of the rules

of the Church in this respect, violated the still more important rules of Bible courtesy themselves, and abused instead of reforming transgressors, there is little occasion of complaint in this direction at the present day. In these days we very seldom, if ever, hear of ministers so far overstepping the bounds of propriety as to lay violent hands upon the head-dresses of ladies at the door of the love-feast; to rudely and censoriously reprove individual females in public places, as though *any* means, even the sacrifice of the charity that thinketh no evil, and is not easily provoked, is justifiable in a crusade against trinkets and ribbons; or to arrest the character of a brother minister because he can not see it his duty to wear a collarless, buttonless coat and a low-crowned, white hat. Those one-idea men are now scarce who imagine that a good disciplinarian implies chiefly a regulator of female costume, and who seem to think that the grand business of a spiritual "watchman" is gold-hunting and pearl-fishing. Few if any Christians of such extravagant views are to be seen in these times; indeed, it is to be feared the tendency is quite the opposite. We are more in danger of conniving at this sin than in manifesting improper zeal in arresting it. Both extremes, however, should be avoided, as overaction and inaction are generally followed by a similar result.

But why is it now no time to encourage superfluity of apparel?

1. The Scriptural rule on this point is applicable to all times. I can not sympathize with the views of those who seem to think that the narrow way marked out by the Savior is too contracted for these enlightened times, and that the rules of holy living which were adapted to the rude age of the apostles are too stringent, if not too vulgar, for this day of refinement. The Bible is made for man, and is adapted to all times and all classes of society. He who is too wise to be taught by the Scriptures has yet to learn that he is a fool; and he who is too refined to obey the word of God will ascertain, sooner or later, that, unless converted and imbued with childlike simplicity, his false refinement will exclude him from heaven.

2. The tendency of the age is strongly toward luxury, display, and extravagance. This is admitted to be the leading cause of the present pecuniary distress at least in our country. What, then, is the duty of the Church? To increase this evil by obsequiously imitating the world, and competing with the votaries of fashion? or to raise a standard against the corrupting tendencies of the times, and, as the salt of the earth

and light of the world, show that there is a more excellent way, and purify all classes of society by the elevating truths of the Bible, illustrated by a consistent example? Surely it is now no time to encourage gayety in dress, especially as the work of reform is beginning to develop itself in what is called the *best* society. As great as is the rage for other forms of extravagance, a profusion of jewelry and other gaudy ornaments is, we learn, becoming quite unfashionable in the highest circles. It is becoming untrue that they who wear gorgeous apparel are in *kings'* houses. The Queen of England, it is said, usually dresses with remarkable simplicity, and the Empress of France is following her example. Shall Christians, then, eagerly snatch up and put on the cast-off ornaments which the princes of this world have either a conscience too tender or a taste too pure to wear?

3. We now have special opportunities to make infinitely better investments of God's gold and silver intrusted in our hands than to adorn our persons with it. We live in a day of peculiar needs, and peculiar light as to our obligation to the physically destitute at home and the morally benighted abroad. Missionaries who are now toiling in the darkest places of the earth tell us that one of the most debasing and inveterate passions of the heathen is for splendid apparel in general, and jewelry in particular; and that in some cases females carry their vanity so far as not only to fasten gold in some form upon their ears, their bosoms, their wrists, their ankles, and around their necks, but even in their nose, and upon their *toes*. Hence, missionaries in their letters frequently beseech Christians in this country to set these poor pagans a better example, and use their surplus gold in sending more Bibles and laborers to them, rather than in adopting the barbarous and idolatrous customs which the former are trying so hard to extirpate.

Finally. We are not exempt from sickness and death in these times; hence, it is now no time to give loose reins to indulgence in personal decorations. However fantastically and brilliantly some persons may be inclined to appear while in the enjoyment of health and in the prospect of a long life, none wish to leave the world with their bodies loaded with meretricious ornaments. These things are found to have no tendency to soften the pillow or extract the sting of death. A wealthy lady, a few years since, met a terrible death by her clothes taking fire. Almost the first favor the dying woman asked of her attendants was the removal from her crisped fingers of the richly jeweled rings, which, though valued

at several thousand dollars, now looked so hateful to her that she insisted upon having them immediately taken off.

If we do not wish to die as the fool dieth, let us not live as the fool liveth. Let us, then, guided by reason and the word of God, give prayerful attention to this subject; then shall we be enabled to find and keep the happy medium between monastic austerity or pharisaic singularity on the one hand, and Parisian splendor and princely extravagance on the other. Let us remember that we are not only at liberty, but it is our duty, to conform to the customs of the world, even in our costume, when those customs are in harmony with Bible principles; but when Fashion imperiously commands us to trample under our feet the positive teachings of Scripture, we are unhesitatingly to repudiate her claim, and do right, though a thousand scornful lips be curled at us, and we compelled to stand alone as the mark for ten thousand fingers of derision.

"CHARITY NEVER FAILETH."—ST. PAUL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE sparkling eye that ruled the heart
Hath lost its magic beam,
And in the socket, heavily,
Like warning lamp doth gleam.
The wearied ear remits its toil,
Rejects the music-strain,
And with the folly of the world
No longer loads the brain.
The hand that with untiring deeds
Did mark the days of old,
Now trembleth in its feeble grasp
The water-cup to hold.
The foot no more o'er hill and dale
Doth keep its vigorous way,
But on the cushioned sofa rests,
A prisoner day by day.
Even Memory, with a wrinkled brow,
Is faltering o'er the page,
On which she registered her gains
From infancy to age.
And Fancy faileth in her skill
O'er fairy-land to soar,
And sadly folds a broken wing
To ride the blast no more.
But the sweet spirit's love to man,
In God its fearless trust,
Its zeal to keep a Savior's law—
These fade not into dust—
These perish not with time—but grow,
Like beaten gold, more bright,
The deathless children of the skies
That heavenward take their flight.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

THE AUTHOR OF "SUNNY SIDE"

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME time since a young woman, who was fond of intellectual pursuits, and somewhat accustomed to use the pen, but mainly for her private gratification, conceived the idea of sketching the character of a deceased friend. The sketch was completed, and afterward lay neglected several years in her desk. Subsequently it was rewritten, but still with no definite object beyond personal gratification. Some of her friends then suggested its publication, and the manuscript was at different times offered to five different publishers, and was as often rejected. The author's friends, however, nothing disheartened by these rebuffs, got up an edition of *five hundred* copies as a sort of venture. Such was the origin of "The Sunny Side," which two years from the date of its first publication had attained a circulation of forty thousand, and had thrown its charm over the hearts of hundreds of thousands.

Thousands of our own readers have already been touched by the deep pathos and charmed by the beautiful delineations of that little work, and also of its companion—"A Peep at Number Five." To such a graphic sketch of their lamented author, we are sure, will not be otherwise than acceptable.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was the daughter of the celebrated American philologist and Hebraist—Moses Stuart, of Andover, Mass. In that place she was born in 1815. She strongly resembled her father, and derived from him some of her most striking bodily as well as mental peculiarities. Among her Reminiscences of her childhood occurs the following beautiful allusion to her eminent father:

"One thing made a powerful impression on me; it was my waking early on cold winter mornings, and looking from my western window into the wood-house chamber. There was father, sawing wood by the dim light of his lantern. I used to wonder, as I lay snug in bed, dreading to hear 'the first bell,' how father *could* force himself out so early when it was so cold and so dark, to *saw wood*. When I grew older, and learned that he often did this after a wakeful night full of tossings to and fro, with snatches of unquiet and dreamy sleep, and when I saw him coming in to the breakfast-table exhausted and nervous, it taught me how high a price he set upon those golden morning hours."

With all her deep reverence and affection for

her father, as well as her resemblance of him in her temperament and in many of her mental traits, she had none of his predilection for the study of languages. Indeed, that study was rather disagreeable to her than otherwise. "Her favorite department in childhood was that of the 'belles-lettres;' and in this her childhood was marked by uncommon mental activity. She very early exhibited a desire to originate trains of thought, rather than to accumulate the treasures of others; and this was characteristic of her mental habits to the end of life. As early as the age of ten years, she developed a *tact* in narrative composition. She was accustomed at that period to amuse the domestics of the family and their friends with her extemporaneous stories; and among the relics of her writings at that time are found little volumes of narratives which she composed for the entertainment of her younger sisters. Her own earliest recollections of her mental history were those of the tales she wrote, or the materials for them which she was constantly inventing and arranging in her mind." She was passionately fond of painting, and statuary, and music. The predominancy of the nervous in her temperament gave intensity to all her emotions, and also led to a strong and decided development of all her natural traits of character.

At the age of sixteen Miss Stuart was placed under the tuition of Rev. Jacob Abbott, then Principal of the "Mount Vernon School" in Boston. Here she prosecuted her studies with great ardor and success. Mr. Abbott, himself a writer of rare excellence, especially in narrative and descriptive composition, perceived the strong bias and natural talent of his charge in that direction, and encouraged the development of that talent. He encouraged her to write for a magazine he was then editing; and several of the contributions she then made, under the signature of "H. Trusta," were twenty years later wrought into the descriptive and narrative scenes of "Sunny Side."

"Her highest and almost only ambition in her first efforts was to write something that should attract the notice of her father. It is doubtful whether any subsequent success ever gave her keener pleasure, than she felt when she first received from his lips the hearty 'Well done,' after the publication of one of her simple stories. But a few weeks before she went to join him in heaven, she recalled, with filial pride, the occasion, the hour, the trepidation she felt, the quick look of surprise followed by the smile on her father's face, when she put into his hands the

few small bills she had just received as a remuneration for her first toils of authorship; and the playful indignation with which he tossed them back to her over the dinner-table, saying, "I want none of that." "Her heart," she said, in speaking of the occurrence, "was as full as it could hold; she was happier than a queen." The narration of this little incident brought back the life to her pale cheek, as the four hundred thousand readers of one of her late productions could not do it."

Several incidents at this early date served as incitements to the use of her pen. One of them is thus given in the "Memorial" of her prefixed to the "Last Leaf from Sunny Side:"

"One of her fugitive pieces, published while she was a member of the Mount Vernon School, was very extensively circulated in various forms, being republished in England, and returned to this country accredited to an English authoress, and afterward published also in France. For many years it was a standard article in reading-books for children, and it still reappears occasionally among the selections in the 'Children's Department' of our religious newspapers. Little instances of success of this kind were not fitted to induce the youthful authoress to lay aside her pen. Indeed, from that time it was never idle, till, at Death's bidding, it was laid down forever."

While under the tuition of Mr. Abbott, also, her early religious impressions received a more definite form and developed a more decidedly religious character. Her own narrative of this event she has thus given:

"The course which Mr. Abbott adopted was entirely the reverse of that to which I had been accustomed, and that which I expected. Instead of urging God's claims upon me, as others had often done, he preserved an unbroken silence on the subject of personal religion. This surprised me, and after awhile made me uneasy. I brought myself at length to ask him for the cause of his silence toward me on that subject. He told me that he considered the circumstances under which I had been brought up to have been such, that every motive which could influence me had been already urged, and that I had deliberately made my choice; and, therefore, that it remained for him only to fit me for happiness as far as it could be had in this world. This startled me, and led me to look more earnestly into my heart. From this beginning I was led on gradually, and to myself almost imperceptibly, till I began to dare to hope that I had become a child of God, and to wish to take upon myself the name of Christ. I was conscious of a great change in me.

Thoughts of God no longer filled me with horror; but a view of his holiness and purity was granted to me, which filled me with inexpressible joy. I felt that *life* was an 'unspeakable gift,' *because there was a God*. I desired most earnestly to approach as near to his holiness as I was able, but many struggles taught me how strong a hold sin had in this heart. Here the atonement of Christ first met me with power. I felt driven to it; and in view of it, even such a sinning heart still dared to look up and struggle on, feeling that its heaviest burden Christ himself bore. I began to desire to give myself wholly to *God in Christ*. I wished to live and die for him. I longed to lose myself in him. I wished to indulge no plans, nor purposes, nor feelings, nor thoughts, of which love to him was not the guiding spring. To live for his glory seemed all that rendered life worth possessing. If I must cease to do this, I would also cease to live. This was a great change from my former self, and I have dared to hope that it was God's own work."

In 1842 she became the wife of Rev. Austin Phelps, then pastor of the Pine-Street Congregational Church in Boston. Here a new scene of activity, of usefulness, and of happiness opened before her. Of the effect wrought upon her by this change in her relations we must let her biographer speak:

"It introduced her to new varieties of human nature and to new modes of life. She was brought by it more constantly than before into contact with *life*—with men, women, and children, as they are in a busy, and, on the whole, a happy world. It added to the lessons of seclusion those of society, and to the discipline of study that of action. It was a change of moral *climate*, which, just at that time, her constitutional temperament greatly needed. She felt it through her whole being, and was happier and better for it. She began soon to be sensible of an increasing sympathy with human life. Even her tastes as respects the fine arts were insensibly modified. A fondness grew upon her for those works of art which represented living *character*, rather than for those which represented only material nature. In a letter written from her birthplace, a few years after her removal to Boston, she writes: 'Andover is looking most delightfully. The birds sing, and the cool winds are refreshing, and the eye is filled with beauty. As I looked out last evening on these arching elms lighted up by the moon—forming a bower fit for a poet's home—I could not resist the feeling, that the scene had become to me like

only a gorgeous picture. I could appreciate it, I could love it, but there was a *soul wanting*."

"Very similar to this was the effect of the change upon her religious character. The ordinary experience of Christians in the humbler walks of life was new to her, and she became much interested in observing it. She found her own soul insensibly sympathizing with it. She would often speak of its simple-hearted manifestations with a glad surprise, as if in the plain, unlettered stranger whose words were of the Savior, she had suddenly found a friend. 'It does me good,' she would frequently say, on returning from the weekly prayer meeting, 'to hear these people talk. They speak so feelingly and so honestly what they think and what they want.' Respect for the common developments of Christian character and modes of Christian speech became a very positive feature of her own piety. Few things could rouse her indignation more quickly than to hear them spoken of slightly. More than once has her eye lighted up and her cheek glowed with the zeal she felt in vindicating them from undeserved contempt. She made no secret of her own readiness to sit as a learner at the feet of any who seemed to know the love of Christ. So strong did her sympathy with the common Christian mind become, that she acquired an enthusiasm bordering upon reverence for the work of the pastoral office. It was a severe trial to her feelings when her husband exchanged that office for a professorship at Andover."

Her residence in Boston was also fruitful in another respect. It was marked by a fuller development of her tastes and power as a writer. "Previously to this time she had written much in the form of articles for newspapers and magazines, and children's books. She had invariably published her writings anonymously; and when they were once published, she thought little more of them. There are scattered through several periodicals, and on the shelves of the American Sunday School Union and the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, many of the productions of her pen, which it is impossible now to identify as hers. She herself was often unable to recognize with confidence her own volumes, after years had passed since she wrote them. She has several times been seen bending over the counter of a bookstore in perplexity as to the authorship of some little book which she held in her hand, seeming to detect some familiar traces of her former self, and yet unable to decide whether she were the author of it or not. Her own account of her earlier writings, as given

in subsequent years, renders it probable that not more than one-third of the little books she has published can be now distinguished as hers."

Most of her earlier productions were designed for children, and in adapting her thoughts and style of composition to them she possessed an admirable faculty. But subsequently her productions had more special reference to older readers. The scenes of every-day life seemed to suggest her themes for composition; and hence the life-like naturalness of her characters and pictures. "She kept a journal of the infancy of her children, preserving thus all the little incidents which usually form the materials of 'Mother's Stories.' Distinct from this was her 'Family Journal,' consecrated to the more private experiences in which her family shared. This journal was subjected to review on certain choice anniversaries, and in her affections stood next to the Family Bible. If she lost a friend, she loved to express her sense of the affliction by writing something which should portray that friend's character. She tried her skill in several of these modes without at first entertaining any idea of publishing what she wrote."

She was unceasing in effort to improve her mind, to store her imagination and memory with pictures of life and character, and to fathom the deep mysteries of nature and of mind. Her great aim was to improve her taste and skill in writing, and also to store her mind with the material of thought. For this double purpose she applied herself to the study of books as well as things. "At one period she read largely the works of several popular writers of fiction. She did this with the eye of a critic, intent on discovering where lay the secret of their influence. The results of her criticism, as she has recorded them among her private papers, are exceedingly interesting, as exhibitions of her industry in disciplining her own mind. With the same intent, she devoted much time to the study of the old English poets. During one winter she read with great enthusiasm Spenser's 'Faerie Queene;' and displayed daily at her tea-table the gems she had selected during the day from the royal treasury. For several winters in succession she enticed her husband from his study, at least one evening in each week, for the reading of Shakspeare at their fireside."

Mrs. Phelps was not the *mere literary woman*. "In her own house she strove to spread around her an atmosphere of cheerful piety. This was an object of much solicitude with her. It was a matter of most sacred principle in her plan of life, to suffer nothing to come between her and

her family. 'She would be a true wife and mother, if nothing else.' Her literary pursuits, and the gratification of her taste for the fine arts, were religiously subordinated to her duties 'at home.' This was not a mere sentiment in her mind—it was her daily study; it cost her thought and labor, and was achieved only by an indomitable resolution. With her feeble health, to perform with her books and her pen and her pencil, all that was necessary to satisfy her own mind, and yet to preside over the household of a pastor, was not—a pleasant song. She accomplished it by the most rigid systematizing of her duties from morning to night. She remembered the 'wood-house chamber' as seen from the 'western window' in her father's house. Every hour had its allotted duty, and the duty was *done*. Her plans for weeks in advance were all recorded with her pen. Among her manuscripts are now found, 'Memoranda of Housekeeping,' in which are written her plans for the work of her servants and for her own—even weekly 'bills of fare,' in which are arranged the order of every meal for the week. There are found, also, fragments of journals in which are recorded the history of experiments in housekeeping and their success or failure. The result was, that she accomplished her design. She for many years could reserve habitually two hours each day for her writing-table, and keep in constant progress her studies and her miscellaneous reading, and find her recreation in her pencil, and yet the order of her house was like clockwork; her children never showed the want of a mother's care; her home was never the less a *home* on account of her passionate attachment to literature and art. The sincerity of the religious convictions which she carried into these household plans, she has undesignedly illustrated in her little New-Year's Story—'The Angel over the Right Shoulder'—and her jealous vigilance over her own tastes, lest they should encroach on the comfort of those who were dependent upon her, is intimated by another of her home sketches—'The Husband of a Blue.' "

In 1848, Mr. Phelps having been elected professor in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mrs. Phelps returned to her native place to reside. Two things rendered this change by no means agreeable to herself. She had become strongly attached to her Boston friends, and the separation from them was like sundering the cords of life. Another cause of this reluctance grew out of the ravages of death in her father's family. Writing about her return, she says: "One thing, in particular, hangs over me like

a pall, too often oppressing me with its black shadow; it is, the breaking up of my father's family. I do not know that I can have strength enough to live here cheerfully, when I have only their graves to visit."

Her magnanimity of spirit, as well as her nice and delicate sense of propriety, led her to conceal in a great measure the reluctance she felt to returning to Andover, lest her husband should be unduly influenced in a question of duty. But when it was determined that he should go, it cost her a long and severe struggle before she could bring her mind to submit to the change. In this trial her refuge was the "throne of grace;" and the effect of her oft-repeated and long-continued intercessions there are well expressed in a letter written some time after: "As to the great point of contentment with life, I really think I have gained upon it. It has been a thing for which I have struggled and prayed; and for the most part, my mind is at rest, and my heart contented. I *think* I can say this; and what is equally true, a feeling of habitual gratitude has gained ground within me. I do carry about with me, a great deal of the time, a thankful heart. I am so grateful for the bright rallying-points around which my thoughts cluster, I make a great effort to keep them constantly in view. I feel that I should be guilty not to do so; and month after month I think I can see that it becomes more and more *natural* to me to look on the bright side of things."

From this time her piety assumed a still deeper and more holy cast. "The change," says her husband, "was visible in her softened eye, and in the increasing gentleness of her tones. The doctrines of the Gospel were evidently becoming more precious than ever to her heart. During the last year of her life she rewrote entirely one of her Sabbath School books, because the story at the first writing had not clearly and precisely shadowed forth the views of regeneration on which she had intended to construct it. Little evidences, which can not be recorded, disclosed her deepening love to the person of the Savior. She would often speak of him in terms of personal endearment, and yet with a reverence for his divine nature, which was but feebly expressed by the opinion she held, that no painter should attempt to portray in full that countenance to which, as she thought, no human imagination could do justice. The books she chose for her devotional reading indicated her sympathy with some of the higher forms of Christian experience. Although she felt little respect for any exclusive model of Christian character, yet she found much

to which her heart responded in the written experiences of Madame Guyon and Catharine Adorna. These, together with 'Bridges's Exposition of the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm,' and her long-loved favorite—'Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying'—were her constant companions."

About this time an incident occurred which beautifully illustrates her character. A sister in the Church had become involved in a difficulty which threatened to subject her to Church censure. "All the ordinary efforts for a happy adjustment of it had failed. One, and another, and another of her friends had withdrawn their sympathy from her. Mrs. Phelps requested at last that she might be permitted to visit the unfortunate woman. It was proposed that she should go as a committee of the Church. She promptly refused. 'No,' said she, 'I shall be no committee. Let me go as a woman to her sister.' She went. Her woman's instinct and her Christian heart accomplished what a sterner fidelity had not done. A single interview restored the erring one to confidence, and she still lives beloved for her Christian virtues."

By the publication of "Sunny Side" Mrs. Phelps first became known to the public as an author. "Its unexpected success," says her biographer, "increased her desire to improve to the utmost whatever talents she might possess, in the preparation of books for the young. She wrote in rapid succession 'The Kitty Brown Series,' for the American Sunday School Union. Her fugitive pieces were scattered through various periodicals. 'The Peep at Number Five,' which she regarded as her best production, she wrote and published but a few months before her death. In less than one year from the time of its publication, it had reached the sale of the twentieth thousand. At the suggestion of an unknown correspondent in Ohio, she gathered and arranged the materials for another narrative, to be entitled the 'Minister's Widow.' It was designed to be a twin volume to 'The Sunny Side.' She had also in mind the materials and plan of a work in similar style, designed for young ladies in the advanced stages of their education. Upon these last two works her mind was intent when her failing health obliged her to desist from the use of her pen. It was one of the trials of her long confinement that she could not commit to paper the characters and scenes which crowded upon her imagination. When a temporary suspension of disease caused her strength to rally a little, she for several days dragged herself to her writing-table for one half hour each day, that she might finish the revision

of a collection of her miscellaneous narratives, which she had promised to the publishers for republication. Her mind seemed to find no rest but in incessant activity.

"It had long been her practice to write much simply for her own gratification or improvement. During the years of her final residence in Andover she wrote much for her *children*, without any design of publishing what she thus wrote. Such was her solicitude in regard to the earliest impressions made on their minds, that she could not at all times find in the common collections of children's books just such reading as she wished to put into their hands. Some truth for which their minds seemed to be in waiting, she could not find so stated or so illustrated as to meet her views of their wants. When such was the case, she was accustomed to write books for them, which should realize, as far as was in her power, her own idea of what they needed. Several of her published volumes, with much material that is yet in manuscript, were written with this design. She often wrote in the morning the chapter which was to be their entertainment when they retired for their evening meal, before going to rest. At the hour of twilight she habitually went with them, and gave them her personal attendance at their bedside. 'She did but bathe the weary feet of her little children, but the angel over the *right shoulder*—wrote it down.' 'These duties and cares acquired a dignity from the strokes of that golden pen.' That hour was as dear to her as a Sabbath hour. It was called in the family dialect, 'The children's hour.' Her own countenance was as radiant as theirs, when their beaming eyes and forgotten meal testified to the interest with which they listened to their mother's stories."

Some fifteen months before her death her health began gradually to fail, and the sudden death of her father gave a shock to her system from which she never recovered. Her vision of death drawn some years before was soon to be realized. We insert it here not only as fitting to the subject, but also as an illustration of her style: "I have had a dream. I was in a darkened chamber, and there lay before me a pale sufferer. I could see her face distinctly, for above her hovered an angel from whose form light radiated. This, I saw, was the Angel of Death; and yet he was *not* terrible. He looked earnestly with mournful and yet loving eyes on her pallid countenance, and words seemed to come from him without breath. 'Then, choose, my child; I have here for you a crown. Come with me, and it is surely yours. Your sins are blotted

out forever.' One stepped up, and reached to her her first-born. She gazed at it long—she touched its innocent forehead—she looked at the angel—her lips moved, as if she would say, 'What, *alone* in the world?' 'And God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' was the reply. Then her dark blue eye turned on one who stood weeping by her side. Her lip quivered; a stern struggle was in her heart. That breathless voice spoke again, 'Life *has* rich gifts of love for you; but sin is here. Will you leave with me for heaven? Choose, my child.' And the struggle convulsed her frame with mortal agony; then it ceased, and all was calm. Without a tear, her eye turned on death. She placed her hand in his. Music and light, such as angels love, filled the air; and Death took his gift. Yet, I saw that he left a form, cold though it was, whose expression was still so radiant with rapture, that, as we looked, our hearts were comforted. I awoke in tears, but they were not for the departed; they were for the solitary mourner who was bending over her."

Late in the fall of 1852 it became painfully manifest that disease was gradually but surely acquiring the mastery over her physical system. Medical advice was in vain, and her physicians soon regarded her case as hopeless. "Now," says her biographer, "commenced one of the most striking exhibitions of her character that her life witnessed. It was, her calm, deliberate, conscientious, determined *struggle for life*. She had scarcely reached life's meridian. Her powers as a writer, after twenty years of faithful discipline, had but just come to their maturity. The judgment of severe critics had assured her that a sphere of public usefulness was opening before her. She felt eager to enter it, and grateful for the privilege. Her home, too, called loudly for her. She was a wife, and a mother. An infant family seemed to say to her that she *must not* die.

"She had long known the power of the mind over the health of the body. The resistance of disease by force of will had been a habit with her for years. Her resolute purpose and fidelity in self-discipline had often kept in check the malady which now threatened to lay her in the grave. After meditating long in silence upon the extremity to which she seemed now to be brought, she called her husband to her side—her voice was calm—her whole manner self-possessed—every thing betokened the collected purpose of her soul. As nearly as her language can be now recalled, she said, 'I do not wish you to speak to me of death, nor tell me of any discouraging changes in my state. Talk to me

of God, and give me pleasant thoughts of heaven, but not as if you expected me to die. Be as hopeful as you can be, and help me to hope. You need not feel anxious about my religious state, nor ask me about it. That is not necessary. I am at rest. . . . When the time comes for me to go, you shall know it. I shall not die without being able to say to you all that you will wish to hear. God will take care of that, and he will take care of me. *Now, my duty is, to live; and you must help me.*'

"This calm conviction of *duty to live* from that moment appeared almost incessantly to be active in her mind. She concentrated the whole strength of her being upon the last struggle for life. Never before had she exhibited so noble an effort of Christian principle as now. She watched in silence the signs of her failing strength, but expressed continually her strong hope that she should yet recover. When temporary improvements took place in her condition, she rallied her spirits, and threw herself back into life, and formed plans, and conversed blithely, and even amused her friends with her pleasantries.

"Her silent thoughts of her own family would sometimes break from the restraint she imposed on them. In one instance, when her infant child was taken into her room, it seemed to unloose her imprisoned affections—her face lighted up with tenderness, her eye assumed that depth of meaning which none but a mother's eye ever has, and for a few moments she poured forth her love in the dialect which only mothers know how to use—then fell back, as if to renew more resolutely the struggle against the disease that consumed her. There were occasions of extreme and immediate peril, when she would herself give directions as to the various remedies she needed, and would mark the time, minute by minute, at which the remedy should be repeated. On such occasions there were moments when, as if to proclaim its own immortality, the soul seemed to come forth from that dimmed eye, and in almost visible presence, to *strike at* the unseen foe.

"For more than thirty days she maintained the unequal conflict. At length her hope began to waver. 'If it were not for my children,' said she, 'I would not struggle any longer.' It was not till the evening of the twenty-ninth of November that she became convinced that the struggle was a hopeless one, and that God was calling her to himself. She then gave up all, with scarcely a moment's agitation. 'Without a tear her eye turned on Death. She placed her hand in his.'

"The closing scene was just like *her*. Her whole manner was so self-possessed—her words were so truthful—her spirit so self-distrustful, so severe in judgment upon her own infirmities, so penitent, so hopeful, so thoughtful of those whom she was leaving, so full of love to that Savior who was waiting for her coming—that it did not seem like dying. It was rather life drawing to its close with a beautiful *naturalness*. She took her husband by the hand, and after speaking of the path they had trod together, as none but she could have spoken, she said, 'You must not think I have been unhappy during this sickness—I have not. I have done the best I could do to live, but I have not been unhappy. The Savior has been around my bed. I do not know that I shall be saved, but now I can only trust. He gave himself to die for sinners, and why should I not trust him?'

"Some passages from the Scriptures were repeated to her, which appeared to give her comfort. Among others, the following; namely, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' The speaker paused here, and she instantly took up the passage, and added in tones of most touching emphasis, '*of whom I am chief.*' And after a few moments' silence, she continued in the same earnest tones, '*I do believe;*' and again, in answer to the inquiry, '*You know that you love the Savior, do you not?*' she replied, '*I do love him. I do trust in his atoning blood, and in nothing else. I give myself to him.*' As life ebbed fast away, the thought of the holiness of heaven again oppressed her, and doubts clouded the prospect; and nothing seemed to satisfy her longing for a full assurance, but the very words of God, '*He is able to save unto the uttermost, seeing that he ever liveth to intercede.*' '*He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*' '*Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*' '*I go to prepare mansions for you.*' '*I will not leave you comfortless.*' '*I will come again and receive you unto myself.*' '*This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.*' These, and many others of like character, buoyed up her fainting spirit. For several hours before she vanished out of our sight not a cloud rested upon her vision. She desired to depart. Her last words were, '*How long? how long?*'"

Since her death several of her then unpublished sketches have been gathered and published in a little volume—"The Last Leaf from Sunny Side." To this volume is prefixed a beautiful "Memorial" of the author, to which we are indebted for most of this sketch. In a

future number we may give some few specimens of her writings.

We close this sketch, already protracted beyond our design, with a single selection:

"Once, at the hour of twilight, I sat at my western window, and watched the dying out of day. To me the scene is always suggestive of the fading away of this life. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse beyond the dark horizon. But the distant mountain and nearer hill and valley faded into the gray twilight, and my thoughts turned from the world without to the world within. All at once, from that spot where the red sun went down, arose a bright cloud like a new sun. Soon I seemed to be bathed in its light. The ebbing and flowing waves bore up before me a shining mirror. I looked upon this mirror, and saw reflected in it my own image. It was a truthful mirror. What a heart it revealed to me! How divided between earth and heaven, between self and God! How feeble its best resolutions! How faint its noblest aspirations! How corrupt a heart it was! I wept, and through my tears I saw that the intellect, too, was fettered by prejudice, enslaved by indolence, diseased by sin. Its enfeebled powers returned no 'usury' to the Giver. I wept more and more at this sight. I bent over the image, as if I would wash it out with my tears. As one struggleth for life, so struggled I for something with which I might blot it out forever.

"Again the sunlight waves ebbed and flowed, and again the shining mirror was before me. Far down in its silvery depths I now discerned a figure of glorious and yet familiar form and features. No trace of care was on that brow, the eye sparkled with beautiful intelligence, and peaceful beyond description was the smile on the lip. I looked within—the struggles of that heart had ceased, its warfare ended. Sin no more had dominion there—and now, like a pent-up fountain suddenly released, its pure affections came gushing forth. They needed a glorified body by which to express themselves. That intellect, freed also from mortal chains, how wondrous were its capacities! It sought out, and grasped, and appropriated to itself all truth. Free from doubt, and unerring in its decisions, it seemed like a giant armed. Something whispered to me that this image which I now saw was also my own. It was the image of that which, when I had passed the dim boundary of this life, I should be—a redeemed soul, with sanctified heart and illumined mind. I gazed, 'lost in wonder, love, and praise.' I panted to be 'unclothed,' that I might be 'clothed upon.'"

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

HEROISM SPRUNG FROM FAITH IN GOD.—"Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear. . . . For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion. He shall set me up upon a rock."—*Psalms xxviii, 3, 5.*

He who bravely endures great sufferings, maintains a firm will amidst overwhelming perils, and whose intrepidity remains unshaken in dangerous extremities, is accounted a hero. Hence, history has written the name of Tarik, a Saracen prince, among its heroes, because, after his army had fought against superior numbers, and sixteen thousand of his men lay dead or wounded on the field of Xeres, near Cadiz, he remained unconquered. Turning to the survivors, he cried aloud, "My brethren, the enemy is before you; the sea is behind. Whither would ye fly? Nay! follow your general. I am resolved to lose my life or trample on the prostrate king of the Romans."

Animated by this address, his troops rallied. The strife was renewed; the tide of battle turned, and the enemies of Tarik were cut to pieces.

The conduct of Tarik in this battle constituted him a hero. His brave soul stood unappalled amidst the terrors of that deadly strife. Unconquered and unconquerable, his firm will refused to yield, even when to hope for victory seemed madness. And however much we may feel disgusted at the cruelty and barbarism of war, we can not help our admiration of these noble qualities in the man. Such deeds are the attractions of history.

But the royal Psalmist exhibits a nobler and grander heroism than the Saracen warrior. Like Tarik, he could face a host with a heart of iron; but he drew his courage from a higher source. Tarik's heroism sprung from the dark depths of human passion. He was too proud to yield to a detested foe, and, therefore, he grimly resolved to fling his life away, preferring death to inglorious defeat. But David's heroism flowed from a heart brimful of holy trust in God. He drew the sword at God's bidding; he fought to accomplish God's purposes; he felt safe because of God's presence; he was assured of victory because God had promised it to his arms. Hence, not only his manner, but even his heart, was calm in the most critical moments of battle. "Though a host should encamp against me," he sings, "my heart shall not fear." But why? Because, like Tarik, he was too proud to yield, and too ignorant of the future to dread death? Nay, but because Jehovah was his friend: "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion."

The Christian Church has furnished a host of heroes fashioned after the pattern of the royal Psalmist; heroes, the least of whom was more glorious than Tarik. These heroes of Christianity compose the noble army of martyrs, and the records of war may be safely challenged to produce such lofty exhibitions of the heroic as are found on the pages of ecclesiastical history. The military hero marches to the field of his glory stimulated by the presence of his companions in arms, the clangor of the trumpet, the melody of martial music, and by all

the pomp and circumstance of war. The martyr moves to the scene of his suffering unsustained by the presence of his friends, not only without the stimulus of one favorable, visible fact, but amidst the hissing and jeers of a multitude of foes. The warrior is necessarily excited by his passions, which make him blind to all sense of personal danger; the martyr is calm, and the pains of a bitter death stand distinctly before his eyes. The soldier has the hope of coming from the strife unharmed; the martyr is sure that his fate is to suffer. The prospect of his country's approval, the smile of men, and the admiration of mankind, warm the heart of the former; while the latter falls with human execrations ringing in his ears. Visible honors await the first; the last must derive all his strength from invisible sources—from the promises of an invisible God, and the hope of an invisible reward. Yet, with all these advantages in favor of the warrior, the martyr has equaled, if not excelled him, in brave endurance of suffering, in intrepid defiance of danger, in unconquerable firmness of will.

We know no better example of martyr heroism than that furnished by Eusebius in his account of the death of the venerable Polycarp, the personal friend of the apostles, and Bishop of Smyrna. Placed at the proconsul's tribunal, he stood bowed beneath the weight of many years, in the fullness of patriarchal beauty, while a ferocious mob clamored fiercely for his blood. We love to picture him to our fancy with a few thin locks of whitened hair scattered over his head; a large, clear brow, rich in the wrinkles of honorable age; unclouded, mild eyes, beaming with devotion from beneath his arched brow; a venerable beard white as driven snow, and his aged countenance radiant with the light which streams from his happy soul, and beautiful for the benevolence of its expression. Thus he appears, that lovely old man, the fame of whose piety is as wide as the knowledge of Christianity, at the judgment-seat of his persecutors. The proconsul himself, despite his Roman firmness, is moved by his appearance, and appears anxious to save his victim's life. Addressing him, he says:

"Have a regard for your age! Swear by the genius of Caesar! Swear, and I will dismiss you."

These look like easy terms. A few words, and Polycarp may live. Ay! but those few words would wound his Master, and render himself an infamous traitor to the best of sovereigns. And what is death compared to such infamy? Evidently death is nothing to Polycarp compared to dishonor. Hence, after calmly surveying the multitude a moment, he turns to the proconsul with words so full of simple affection, we wonder they had not broken even a Roman heart. Hear him:

"Reville Christ?" he exclaims, as if that were a crime too base to be thought of—"revile Christ! Eighty-and-six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; and can I now blaspheme my King that has saved me?"

The Roman still urges, but the noble old man replies, "I am a Christian! If you want to know what the

doctrine of Christianity is, grant me a day, and listen to me."

The proconsul, finding entreaty useless, now resorts to threats. "I have wild beasts at hand," he says; "I will cast you to them, unless you change your mind!"

"Call them!" replies the invincible old man.

Thinking to add terror to his threats, the incensed judge cries out, "I will cause you to be consumed by fire, should you despise the beasts!"

At this utterance a smile lights up the intrepid patriarch's face; and he calmly responds, "You threaten fire that burns for a moment; for you know nothing of the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the wicked. But why do you delay? Bring what you wish!"

Upon hearing this, the astonished proconsul proclaimed, through a herald, to the multitude, "Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian!" And then, amid cries and yells from innumerable voices, the glorious old patriarch is dragged to a pile of wood and straw, which is hastily thrown together by the blood-thirsty mob. With perfect self-possession, he lays aside his outer garments, and suffers himself to be bound to the stake. Thus bound, he lifts his eyes to heaven, but not, as common martyrs do, to seek strength to suffer. He had that already. He looked up to offer a sort of triumphal song to God—a loyal thanksgiving for being permitted the honor of proving his adhesion to his Master by a martyr's death. As the voice of his praise dies away, fire is applied to his pyre, and, a moment afterward, he is seen standing in serene majesty, wrapped in flames. A few moments of suffering succeed, and Polycarp is in heaven.

This is heroism in the highest degree, combining bravery, intrepidity, and firmness, under circumstances most trying to human courage. More nobly human nature can not deport itself; and there is no battle-scene which displays the heroic half so beautifully as this martyrdom of a Christian bishop.—*Sacred Echoes from the Harp of David.*

MANY MANSIONS.—"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."—John xiv, 2, 3.

In my Father's house. Most interpreters understand this of heaven, as the peculiar dwelling-place or palace of God. But it may include the universe, as the dwelling-place of the omnipresent God. Are many mansions. The word rendered *mansions* means either the act of dwelling in any place—verse 23, we will make our abode with him—or it means the place where one dwells. It is taken from the verb to remain, and signifies the place where one dwells or remains. It is applied by the Greek writers to the tents or temporary habitations which soldiers pitch in their marches. It denotes a dwelling of less permanency than the word house. It is commonly understood as affirming that in heaven there is ample room to receive all who will come; that, therefore, the disciples might be sure that they would not be excluded. Some understood it as affirming that there will be different grades in the joys of heaven; that some of the mansions of the saints will be nearer to God than others, agreeably to 1 Corinthians xv, 40, 41. But perhaps this passage may have a meaning which has not occurred to interpreters. Jesus was consoling his disciples, who were affected with grief at the idea of his separation. To comfort them he addresses them in this language: "The universe is the dwelling-place of my Father. All

is his house. Whether on earth or in heaven, we are still in his habitation. In that vast abode of God there are many mansions. The earth is one. Heaven is another. Whether here, or there, we are still in the house, in one of the mansions of our Father, in one of the apartments of his vast abode. This we ought to feel, and to rejoice that we are permitted to occupy any part of his dwelling-place. Nor does it differ much whether we are in this mansion or another. It should not be a matter of grief when we are called to pass from one part of this vast habitation of God to another. I am, indeed, about to leave you, but I am going only to another part of the vast dwelling-place of God. I shall still be in the same universal habitation with you; still in the house of the same God; and am going for an important purpose, to fit up another abode for your eternal dwelling-place." If this be the meaning, then there is in the discourse true consolation. We see that the death of a Christian is not to be dreaded, nor is it an event over which we should immoderately weep. It is but removing from one apartment of God's universal dwelling-place to another, one who will still be in his house, and still feel the same interest in all that pertains to his kingdom. And especially the removal of the Savior from the earth was an event over which Christians should rejoice, for he is still in the house of God, and still preparing mansions of rest for his dear people. If it were not so, I would have told you. Jesus had concealed from them no truth. You have been cherishing this hope of a future abode with God. Had it been ill-founded, I would have told you plainly, as I have told you other things. Had any of you been deceived, as Judas was, I would have made it known to you, as I did to him. I go to prepare a place for you. By his going is meant his death and ascent to heaven. The figure here is taken from one who is on a journey, who goes before his companions to provide a place to lodge in, and to make the necessary preparations for their entertainment. It evidently means that Jesus, by the work which he was yet to perform in heaven, would secure their admission there, and obtain for them the blessings of eternal life. That work would consist mainly in his intercession. That where I am. This language could be used by no one who was not then in the place of which he was speaking, and it is just such language as one would naturally use who was both God and man—in reference to his human nature, speaking of his going to his Father; and in reference to his divine nature, speaking as if he was then with God. Ye may be also. This was language eminently fitted to comfort them. Though about to leave them, yet he would not always be absent. He would come again at the day of judgment, and gather all his friends to himself, and they shall be ever with him. Hebrews ix, 28. So shall all Christians be with him. And so, when we part with a beloved Christian friend by death, we may realize that the separation will not be eternal. We shall meet again, and dwell in a place where there shall be no more separation and no more tears.—*Barnes's Notes.*

NEGLECTING A CLASS MEETING.—A few days ago I heard a good lady say that she had been a member of the Methodist Church forty-two years, and that she had never willfully neglected but one class meeting during the whole period. She had never been absent when it was possible for her to be present, excepting on one occasion. I was anxious to know what it could be that had sufficient influence to detain her from the means of

grace she so highly valued. Upon inquiry, she gave the following answer:

"It was some years ago, when I was single, at home. We had a very large wash; and myself and sisters did the ironing, as most young people did then. The class meeting happened to come on the ironing-day, in the afternoon; and, as we had a mile and a half to walk, we thought it would be such a tiresome interruption to go; it would hinder from two o'clock till five—just the best part of the day: therefore, we all agreed to miss it for once, and go on with our ironing.

"As soon as it was too late, we felt we had done wrong; and at the end of the week we were not so forward with our work as usual. We saw that no time had been gained; and we all resolved never to do such a thing again, but to make every thing give way to the cause of God and religion. From that day no work or business ever kept us from the house of God."

No wonder, thought I, that you have led such a devoted life, and been preserved and provided for amidst so many trials and bodily afflictions. You have honored God, and he has honored you.

Christian reader, has not the perusal of this short paper condemned you? Yes! You have often staid from class through circumstances ten times more trivial than the one mentioned above; nay, you have been glad to find some little excuse to screen your sloth and lukewarmness from your friends and yourself. Take shame to yourself; set out afresh; and may God help you!

"MY FATHER CAN MEAN ME NO HARM."—So said an afflicted servant-maid to the writer. He found her in a state of severe suffering; but the confiding utterance of her child-like heart was this, "My Father can mean me no harm."

Does the Christian reader know what it is to pass "through the waters," and "through the fire;" to have sorrow upon sorrow? But accredit your Father God with purposes of good. Is he indeed your Father; yours by adopting love; yours through Christ? Then he can mean you no harm. It is unlike a father to mean evil to his child; and especially is it unlike "our Father," our heavenly, pitying Father. The things which we have thought to be against us, only seem to be so. They are for us; they are greatly for us; they are for the good of our souls, for our present and eternal good. Away, then, our complaint! It is my Father who smites me; but he "can mean me no harm."

"BE INSTANT IN SEASON."—"I would not go to class meeting this cold morning," said some unconverted children to a pious mother, as she was about to leave her humble dwelling one stormy Sabbath in the month of February in the present year, to repair to this means of grace. "I must go, my dear children," was the reply: "how do I know? it may be my last opportunity." Although then in the full possession of health, yet so it proved. She proceeded; and while there, the Lord was pleased to reveal himself so graciously to her, that past manifestations were but little in comparison with this. She could say, with the Psalmist, "My cup runneth over," and was constrained to shout aloud for joy.

The next morning, when about to rise as usual, death laid his icy hand upon her. But all was well; and in the short space of four hours her redeemed spirit entered "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

THE NUMBERS SEVEN AND THREE.—The number seven is a mysterious number, emblematic of perfection; after six days' labor, the Lord rested on the seventh; seven

clean animals were sent into the ark; every seventh year was sabbatical, and after seven times seven years was the year of jubilee; for seven days the Israelites surrounded the walls of Jericho. We read also of the seven Spirits of God; and in many other instances the word seven seems to be quite a favorite number in the sacred volume.

The number three also appears very frequent in the Scriptures; it seems allusive to Christ's redeeming love, which brought him down from heaven, which nailed him to the cross, and raised him from the dead. The continual use of this number seems to point out the glory of the eternal Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Take a few examples: three days after leaving home, Isaac was laid on the altar. After a ministry of three years, Christ was nailed to the cross. Three were crucified together; and at the third hour of that memorable day, when Jesus yielded up the ghost, was observed, at one and the same moment, the most awful triumph of vengeance, and the most wonderful instance of mercy; one malefactor sinking into hell, another traveling with the Savior into heaven. On the third day Christ rose triumphant over the grave, to show that he was not only the Son of the Highest God, but also that he had atoned for sin, and fully satisfied offended justice.—*Hewitt's Remains.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Innumerable passages of Scripture derive fresh force in this country; for instance, in reading the first Psalm the other morning, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water," etc.—on raising my eyes I beheld every tree in the garden planted by a water course, without which in this burning clime it would not bring forth its fruit in due season, but its leaf would wither; and I felt how forcible an emblem it was of the absolute necessity of the never-failing supplies of the water of life, for the spiritual supplies of the Lord's vineyards.

The other day I saw for the first time the mode of watering an Eastern garden. The well is at some distance, at the top of a little rise; a bullock skin is drawn up by a pair of little oxen, who run down a short slope with much glee, and thus raise the water; they are then loosened from the rope, and walk up the hill again, while the water is pouring into a channel, from whence it flows down to the garden, and runs from one little sloping channel to another; the mall or gardener carefully removing all obstructions from the path. It makes one understand the expression, "He watereth it with his foot;" for with the foot you easily open a passage through the little ridges of earth, or bar the progress of the tiny stream.—*The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.—Dr. Cumming beautifully remarks: "The bullder builds for a century; we for eternity. The painter paints for a generation; we forever. The poet sings for an age; we forever. The statuary cuts out the marble that soon perishes; let us try to cut out the likeness of Christ, to endure forever and ever. A hundred thousand men were employed in Egypt to construct a pyramidal tomb for a dead king; let us feel that we are engaged in a far nobler work in constructing temples for the living God. In my humble judgment, the poorest parish school in our land, with no other ornaments than the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, and the sunbeams to shine upon it, is a nobler spectacle than the loftiest European cathedral, with its spires glistening in the setting and rising suns of a thousand years."

Editorial Disquisition.

DANCING AND THE CHURCH.

ONE of the most important moral questions, the practical solution of which is now forced upon the Methodist Episcopal Church, relates to the toleration which she shall give or not give to worldly amusements, especially to dancing. Shall she allow her members unrestrained to mingle in the social dance, the fashionable "hop," the cotillon party, or the public ball? Shall she countenance her members in allowing their children to attend dancing schools, and to mingle in private or public amusements of a kindred character?

"Why not?" says one; "the Bible says there is a time to dance." "Why not?" says another; "there certainly can be no harm in going through the graceful motions of the dance to the sound of music." "It is an innocent recreation," says a third. "It is a polite accomplishment—giving ease, self-possession, and gracefulness of manner, and, therefore, I approve of it," says a fourth. A fifth exclaims, "It is a healthful exercise, and must, therefore, be not only proper, but especially beneficial to those who have but little opportunity for exercise." Another pleads that "it is necessary to give life and spirit to social circles, and especially that it is much better for persons—whether young or middle-aged—to spend their social hours in dancing than in backbiting and foolish talking." Still another avers that "it is not worse than a great many other amusements introduced into social circles."

Now, friends, as you have thrown out your pleas and apologies for dancing before us, we will invite you to tarry with us a little, while we take an earnest and sober review of the subject.

What, then, shall we say for the Scripture authority for indulgence in this amusement? Why, at the very outset, it is so very doubtful that I fear you would never have thought of "wresting the Scriptures" to your support, had you not been sadly in want of some specious justification before the world, or some antidote to a troubled conscience.

The wise man, it is true, tells us, "There is a time to dance." But he also tells us there is "a time to kill," "a time to break down," "a time to pluck up," etc. Nor can it be made to appear that any thing farther is intended by him than simply the assertion that *there is a time when these things do occur*. If such be the case, to torture these expressions into a justification of the acts to which they refer, is a guilty "wresting" of the word of God, for which he will not hold us guiltless.

But suppose the Spirit of inspiration did mean to say that there was "a time" when it was fit or proper to dance; what right has the lover of pleasure to assume, as he joins in the unhallowed amusement, that his are the times and the circumstances designated as the fit occasion to engage in such amusements? May not the murderer, with equal ground of truth, claim that his was the "time to kill?"

The word *dance*, in its various forms, is found in the English version of the Old Testament twenty-one, and in the New five times. It would, however, be grossly absurd to study the signification of this word in the light of the modern amusement with which it has become connected.

Let us, then, even at the risk of being tedious, probe this whole Biblical question to its bottom, by classifying the entire twenty-six cases in which the word occurs in the whole Bible:

1. As an act of religious worship, it is spoken of in Psalm cxlix, 3, "Let them praise his name in the dance;" and also in Psalm cl, 4, "Praise him with the timbrel and dance." Whether any motions like those of the modern dance were intended in these passages is, to say the least, very doubtful. But, in any case, how absurd to claim, because we are instructed to worship or praise God by any particular act, that, therefore, the Bible warrants the performance of that act for amusement! that because we are to praise God with the dance, that, therefore, the Bible warrants dancing for recreation or amusement! Just as though God would tolerate mockery of prayer for amusement, because it is instituted a part of the worship of himself.

2. The word is sometimes used simply as antithetical to *mourning*: as when the Psalmist says, "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness," xxx, 11; and as when Jeremiah says, "The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning," Lam. v, 15. From the parallelism of the two classes in each of the above verses, and from the fact that *dance* and *dancing* are placed in antithetical relation to *mourning*, it is obvious that they are used in these passages simply as equivalent to *joy* and *rejoicing*, and may not indicate any movements whatever bearing any semblance to the modern dance. Such appears also to be the case when it is said by the prophet—Jeremiah xxxi, 4—that Israel shall again "go forth in the dances of them that make merry," which certainly can mean nothing more than that Israel shall be joyful in their deliverance from captivity.

3. Once it is used to express the motions of wild beasts. Speaking of the desolations of Babylon, Isaiah—xiii, 21—says "satyrs shall dance there." The advocates of Bible authority for dancing are welcome to all they can gather from this quarter. And yet, we are not certain that there is not more under the surface than first appears. We are only to conceive that the ruins of Babylon find their antitype in the ruins of the Church of Christ—a Church shorn of its spirituality and completely carnalized—and then the "satyr" may not unfitly find its antitype in carnal-minded and jubilant members dancing amid those ruins.

4. Sometimes a mere allusion is made to dancing as a thing that had or might occur. Such was the case in Judges xxi, 21, 23, when the Benjamites carried off the daughters of Shiloh; and in 1 Samuel xxi, 11, where "the servants of Achish" told the king what the women "in dances" had sung of David and Saul; and in Jeremiah xxxi, 13, where the virgin rejoicing in the dance is spoken of; in Matthew xi, 17, and Luke vii, 32, where our Savior likens the generation to children calling to their fellows and saying, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced;" and such also is the passage, Ecclesiastes iii, 4, already discussed.

5. It is also referred to as a mode in which great joy for signal and public mercies was expressed. We

find an example of this character in Exodus xv, 20, where Miriam "took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances," while the children of Israel were singing their song of triumph on the banks of the Red Sea. Such was the case when Jephtha's daughter "came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances," Judges xi, 34; and in 1 Samuel xviii, 6, when the women came out, "singing and dancing," to meet Saul; also in 2 Samuel vi, 14, also verse 16, and 1 Chronicles xv, 29, where, upon the restoration of the ark of God amid the rejoicings of Israel, "David danced before the Lord with all his might;" and also in Luke xv, 25, where the prodigal's return was said to be celebrated with "music and dancing."

6. In one instance dancing is mentioned in connection with Israel's sudden and fearful apostasy while Moses was in the mount with God. Exodus xxxii, 19. When he came down he found them dancing and worshipping a golden calf.

7. Again, it is a few times spoken of as being engaged in for amusement or pleasure. Such is the case in 1 Samuel xxx, 16, when the dissolute Amalekites, after having made a successful foray upon Ziklag, are represented as being, in the dead of the night, "spread abroad upon the earth, eating, and drinking, and dancing." Such is the case where Job—xxi, 11—represents the wicked—those who "say unto God, depart from us," and inquire, "What profit shall we have if we pray unto him?"—as sending forth their little ones, and having "their children dance." Such also is the instance given by the evangelists—Matthew xiv, 6; Mark vi, 22—when Salome showed herself to be the worthy daughter of Herodias, by illustrating one of the drunken revels of Herod by a lascivious dance. This was, indeed, an outrage upon all the rules of modesty and propriety in the east, where women are kept from public view; but it pleased the drunken and debauched ruler, and cost John the Baptist his life.

We must not be led astray by a word. The term *dance* or *dancing*, like many other words, has been applied to exercises widely different in character and object. It has been employed to express the indecent gestures and motions of dancing women in bacchanalian festivals, and also the savage gesticulations of the Indian warrior when he prepares to go forth to battle or returns a victor from it; and yet in *object* and *character* the two are altogether unlike. So also it was applied to the measured movements of those ardently engaged in the worship of God, and is likewise applied to the fashionable amusement of the present day; but the former bears as little resemblance to the latter either in character or design as the latter does to the exercises of a prayer meeting. Dr. Wilson said very pertinently of modern dancing, that it has its counterpart not in the graceful though unstudied movements of the sister of Moses, prompted by the impulse of pious emotion, but in the voluptuous pantomime of the daughter of Herodias, impelled by vanity and leading to crime; and that, as practiced under the tuition of French teachers and in waltzing parties, instead of being countenanced by the Scriptures, it unquestionably belongs to the forbidden category of "*chambering and wantonness*," which the Spirit of God has associated with "*rioting and drunkenness*."⁷³

We invite him who apologizes for this amusement on

Bible grounds, to review the question, to examine it thoroughly; and we are sure if he does so, he will blush to think how unwarrantably he has "wrested the Scriptures" into the support of one of those evils that, like a cancer, is preying upon the very vitals of the Church. Plead whatever reason you may for the practice; but we would entreat you to honor God and also your own understanding by the frank confession, that the friends of the modern amusement of dancing must look elsewhere for its vindication than to the word of God.

And now, driven to a last resort, should any one fall back upon the assertion, that "dancing is not forbidden in the Bible," we must say, true, it is not forbidden by name, for as now practiced for amusement in promiscuous assemblages of both sexes it did not then exist; but who can doubt but that it is included in those generic sins, like "chambering and wantonness," so often and so strongly forbidden in the word of God?

But letting go the question of Bible authority, some plead for dancing and for teaching the young to dance, that it is necessary in order to give grace, dignity, and self-possession to young people. These accomplishments, so essential to fit them for elegant society, it is assumed can be acquired by no other means. The evils connected with dancing are here shut out from our view, and certain advantages are claimed for it. We take up the apologist on his own ground, and think we discover in his position two assumptions which are unsound and spoil the force of the argument. We question the assumption that true grace and dignity of carriage come from dancing; and also that other assumption, that they can be acquired by no other means. The "style and finish" acquired under the tuition of dancing men and dancing women, in our humble judgment, are adapted rather to the tastes and habits of light and vain associations, than to really refined and intellectual society. "We must avow, also, that we have known many young people, who never received a dancing lesson, quite as polished in their manners as any who have been trained to the highest degree of perfection in this art. It is not by any means clear that all desirable advantages of this kind may not be acquired by other and much more reputable means. If our young people must be trained and polished in this respect, why may not a good system of calisthenics far more creditably secure the object in view?"⁷⁴ or why may not mothers and others who are charged with the education of youth, train them in the ordinary way, and thus lead them to acquire a proper carriage and polite manners?

But viewed in another light, this argument loses all its power, and its very sophistry, not to call it by a worse name, becomes apparent. If we are to look upon dancing simply as a discipline, a part of education, what becomes of it as an amusement? and if it is only designed to correct awkward habits, why is it continued after these are corrected? See that thronged assemblage; the very night is fretted away while they circle, and fume, and sweat in the mazes of the dance; are they aiming simply to correct their awkwardness of manner, and to acquire grace and dignity of carriage? That *white heap may be meal*; but we fear the presumptuous and reckless who try it, while they find "*meal*," will also find *something else*. Nay, this plea is the veriest illusion. What is the end of education, but to bring into use that in which we are educated? And so a large portion of

* Sermon on Dancing.

* Wesleyan Magazine.

all the evils of this social amusement—and they are many—are the legitimate production of the dancing school; this is the tree that bears the fruit.

Again, it is asserted that it is a *healthful exercise*. Admitting that it is, are there not many other less exceptionable forms of "exercise," that are free from the moral taint that rests upon this? But suppose the simple motions of the dance were healthful—as healthful as any other form of exercise—what shall we say of its healthiness, when practiced in crowded rooms and impure atmosphere, in scanty and tightly laced dresses, and through the livelong night! How many constitutions have been shattered, how many lives have been suddenly terminated, by this very healthy exercise! Mr. Fletcher says, with equal truth and pleasantness, "Follow those musical sounds mixed with a noise of stamping; and you find a company profusely perspiring, and violently fatiguing themselves, and skipping up and down a room for a whole night, and ridiculously turning their backs and faces to each other a hundred different ways. Would not a man of sense prefer running ten miles upon some useful errand, to this useless manner of losing his rest, heating his blood, exhausting his spirits, unfitting himself for the duties of the following day, and laying the foundation of a fever or a consumption, by breathing the midnight air corrupted by clouds of dust, the unwholesome fumes of candles, and the more pernicious steam that issues from the bodies of many persons, who use a strong exercise in a confined place?" Indeed, this plea that dancing is a *healthful exercise* is sufficiently disposed of by the fact it is rarely, if ever, practiced simply as an exercise. This fact shows the hollowness, if not the insincerity, of the reason urged.

But, says another, there surely can be no harm in dancing. So it is often said of many other amusements and indulgences, where "the harm" to which they lead will not only be obvious, but acknowledged by many who plead for this favorite amusement. Such is the plea made for the opera, the theater, the social card-table, the social wine-cup, and a thousand other things. But before we can admit the force or justice of this plea, we must inquire what is the general tendency of such amusements, what is their history, what is the general character of the people among whom they have flourished most, and what has been the general character of those most closely connected with them and most directly under their influence. A wise and judicious person, wishing to do right, and who is not controlled by mere appetite and passion, will not shrink from this scrutiny, and will be ready to yield to the force of conviction to be derived from it.

What, then, are the associations connected with dancing, and what do we learn from them? Whether it be innocent in itself or not, has it not ever been connected with causes of a deteriorating and downward tendency, and never with those that lead upward? Even among the ancient Romans, did it not descend to such corruption that in the later times of the republic it was considered disgraceful for a freeman to dance? Indeed, Cicero says that no man dances unless he is drunk or insane. Among the Greeks dancing became a profession, but of so degraded a character that the female dancers were almost invariably courtesans. In the most dissolute times, both in Greece and Rome, the *ladies of ease and dignity of carriage* were relied upon to give spice and variety at the splendid entertainments. At a *symposium*, or wine party, "the guests reclined on their couches,

draining immense cups of wine, while the performers, in costume of exceeding brevity and scantiness, went through their round of lascivious gestures before them."² These were undoubtedly the "riotings" and "revelings" so strongly condemned by St. Paul. And yet this amusement of a pagan country and a barbarous age—enviored by such abominable associations and tainted by such revolting impurities—is revived to become the highest charm of elegant and refined society! And then, to crown the whole, professors of religion tell us, "Surely, there can be no harm in dancing." To what is the age, to what is the Church coming, if such views and practices are to prevail among us!

Dancing must have undergone a most radical transformation to have been so entirely purged from its evil associations. Through what medium has it percolated in order to attain its present purity and harmlessness? Under what immense obligations has the *polite world* been laid to Italy and France! In these two countries dancing and the theater are a consolidated power, having an almost unlimited ascendancy over the hearts of the people. What is the character of these people for morals and virtue, for purity and chastity? We hardly need reply. It is said that during the French Revolution—the most ferocious, heartless, and bloody revolution, perhaps, that ever shocked the face of heaven—the number of theaters in Paris alone increased from six to twenty-five, and balls and masquerades in nearly the same ratio. What a commentary upon the refining and elevating influence of the stage and the dance! Even now Paris has over twenty theaters in full blast, and sometimes between sixty and seventy balls are advertised to come off upon a single Sunday night, and at the same time private circles almost without number are engaged in the dance. The correlate of these facts is such a universal depravation of public morals, that the city is literally flooded with prostitution and vice. More than twelve thousand public women have been registered in a single year, and nearly one-third of the children born are illegitimate. And yet these are the boasted schools of refinement and morals, tolerated, alas! even by too many professing Christians! And this is the country—this is the moral atmosphere from which our dancing-masters are imported to instruct our daughters in the polite accomplishment of the dance! I appeal to the facts of history and to present experience to bear me out in the testimony, that this amusement has always and is now linked into a chain of downward and deteriorating causes, and never to upward and more virtuous associations. This of itself is sufficient to stamp its moral character with reprobation. The fact is—the world over, among savage or civilized, and in all ages—dancing is one of the strong indications of the predominance of the animal passions over the intellectual faculties. Disguise it as we may by the superficial refinements of civilized life, the same principle lies at the bottom every-where, and the same passions—whatever difference there may be in the external expression—are stirred up. The most fashionable dancing party, where every thing that intelligence, wealth, luxury, and taste can command give splendor to the scene, has its counterpart. This is but the higher and more polished link in a chain that reaches down to the dark and dissolute scenes enacted in the lowest grade of balls. Indeed, these latter are, so to speak, but gross imitations of the

*Crane on Dancing.

habits of higher life—changed only to suit the circumstances and the society, and appearing more gross and destructive because the restraints and securities of educated society are unknown. Then, just as the moderate drinker and the advocate for the social glass give indirect countenance to the most loathsome forms of intemperance, and by their influence, indirectly at least, contribute to multiply its victims, so does the fashionable dancer and the advocate or apologist for the amusement give at least indirect countenance to its lower and baser manifestations. We see not how this inference can be evaded, and it is enough of itself forever to settle the question of the rectitude and propriety of the practice. Nothing should ever be tolerated or practiced in the higher grades of society that may not be safely imitated in the lower.

The plea is sometimes made that young people can not be expected to sufficiently enliven their social gatherings by conversation, and, consequently, without the amusement of dancing, such gatherings would become tame and insipid. This plea implies but a poor compliment to the intellect of those concerned; and if it is to be admitted as having valid force, the dance is to be understood as a sort of animal substitute for the want of intellect. We are inclined to think, with Mr. Crane, that, under such a view, the invitation to dance conveys an insult. "Stripped of all its blarney," says he, "the proposition takes this form: 'Young lady, your conversation is exceedingly insipid, and I am weary of the vain effort to entertain you. Do let us try to do something in which you will be able to succeed better.'" But we can not admit the soundness of this plea; we have higher respect for the intelligence and social powers of the educated young people of our country. It may have force in relation to a certain class whose refinement is in their toes rather than in their heads; but we know that there are thousands of social circles all over the land where the interest never flags, and yet dancing is never so much as thought of in them.

But, to bring this matter more directly home, we say that the Christian can not engage in this amusement for the reason, independent of all others, that it is pre-eminently a *worldly amusement*. It belongs to men and women of this world by long prescriptive right. It can not be placed along side of those things, the doing or not doing of which in no wise marks the Christian from the man of the world. It is not to be classed with ordinary athletic amusements, much less with the ordinary sports of children which enliven the domestic circle. But it belongs to the same class of dissipating recreations as card-playing, horse-racing, and theatrical exhibitions.* Hence it is, that almost always he who pleads the innocence of dancing will also plead the innocence of playing cards, and of attendance upon the opera, if not upon the theater. And he who indulges in the one has, in a great measure, broken down the obstacles to indulgence in the others. He has gone very far toward the obliteration of the line which separates him from the world. Such a course can not do otherwise than deaden the sensibilities of the soul; the tenderness of conscience, the sweetness of Christian fellowship, and the delight of communion with God can not long remain where such views are harbored and acted upon.

But the wreck of Christian influence will be as com-

plete as that of character. What good can a member of the Church, who is a participator in social dances and a frequenter of balls, do? Is he disposed to exhort, or pray, or sing—who will be disposed to hear him? Can the Spirit of God accompany his message? Will the wicked feel its power? Will not religion seem to them a mockery when presented, if ever such should be the case, by such an advocate? It can not be otherwise. Says Dr. Wilson, in the sermon to which we have already alluded, and we wish especially to call the attention of Christian young ladies to it: "I can not well imagine a more speedy method of teaching a careless young man to despise the Christian name, than for some female acquaintance, whom he has seen at the communion-table, to become his partner in the dance. Nor is any thing probably more usual in such a case than for those who look on quietly to pass the ungracious whisper, 'See that pious dancer—why, she waltzes as if she had been accustomed to it—she seems to love it as much as any of us poor sinners—a pretty Christian, to be sure.' This is no fancy sketch; they know little of the world who suppose it to be so; for that which Cicero did not hesitate to call '*omnium vitiorum extremum*, a vice that no one would be guilty of till he had utterly abandoned all virtue, and *umbra luxurie*, or that which follows riot and debauchery as the shade follows the body,' I take it, is now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, well understood by unconverted men not to consist with what ought reasonably to be looked for in the genuine Christian character."

Let me say a word to Christian parents; let me speak to you, Christian mothers—for you control in this matter. Can you exercise proper Christian influence over your children, while you send them to dancing schools, and allow them to attend balls and dancing parties? Can you? What will become of those seeds of truth and piety, of reverence and love for God and religion, that you endeavored to sow in the youthful mind of your daughters? Can they spring up and come to maturity in such an atmosphere as you are allowing them to breathe? Do you expect your daughter, after most of the night has been spent in the dance, to draw near to her heavenly Father and hold communion with him in her closet before retiring to rest? Will she—after she begins to drink in the spirit of these amusements—come with you in the spirit of prayer around the family altar? Will she any longer love the class-room, the prayer meeting? Will she delight in religion? Which, in after years, will she be most likely to become—an intelligent, active, benevolent, and exemplary Christian woman, enjoying the happiness of God's favor, and honored by all the pure and the good in society; or a lover of dress, a devotee of fashion—a worldly minded, pleasure-seeking woman? You certainly can not be so blind as to expect her ever to become a hearty Methodist. No, no. That can not be. She must go to Church, for it is not reputable to neglect Church; but then it must be "a fashionable Church," where such small matters as the people's pleasures are not intermeddled with—where there is not religion enough to offend the devil, and where worldly indulgences and fashionable sins are no bar to communion. Your parents, and grandparents, perhaps, were Methodists of the old stamp. They loved God, were outspoken for his cause; they prayed, sung, and sometimes shouted in meeting. You have come after them, are perhaps more wealthy and more refined; their labor, economy, intelligence, and religion have made you

* Sermon on Dancing.

so. You are also in the Church; but, alas! not of their spirit; long years have passed since you loved the class or the prayer meeting, or were happy in them. And especially since your daughters have had license to become dancers and to attend balls, has your testimony in relation to your individual experience become vague and inexpressive, till now, perchance, your very Church relation has become galling to you. No, no. Your children will not become Methodists. But their children or their children's children may possibly be brought back again into the fold. Miserable and dissolute, their paternal inheritance all squandered, they may, perhaps, be reached by the Methodist ministry and by the Spirit of God, and Methodism again appear in the line descending from you. Ah, Christian mother, shall this breakage in your family line be in the link succeeding you? Shall it be the result of your want of Christian integrity and firmness? When your family line through many generations stand up in heaven, shall that link—the dearest of all—the one next succeeding yourself—be wanting to its completeness?

But what! shall such a practice insidiously creep into the Methodist Church—a Church whose pioneer ministers, hardly a generation ago, were ranging like sons of thunder all over the land, preaching Jesus and the resurrection? We can not shut our eyes to the fact that in many places the inroads of this great evil are already beginning to be realized. And we hesitate not to predict,

that if Methodism is ever shorn of its spiritual power, one of the great causes of that loss will be the pernicious influence of worldly amusements. The spirit of religion and the spirit of dancing are as little alike as the Spirit of God and the spirit of the devil. It will paralyze our love to God, our love for the Church and her institutions, and our zeal for the cause of Christ. It will stagnate our spiritual energies, and paralyze all the agencies of the Church with the torpor of death. She will be a *living* Church no longer. Ichabod—the glory is departed—will be written on all her palaces. Timely and earnest effort on the part of the more active and spiritual members of the Church, decided and prompt action on the part of official boards, and of pastors to whom the administration of discipline has been committed, and an earnest seeking after the old spirit of Methodism would do much toward correcting and uprooting the evil. The pastor alone can not do it; he would be almost powerless without the hearty and concurrent action of the Church. When we consider these things, and especially when we remember that this evil comes on us generally through those who have wealth, position, and influence in the Church—those whose example is wide and potent; when we consider these things, we must confess that we tremble for the future of the Church.

Pointed as our remarks may be, we trust they have been made in the spirit of Christian love. We commend them to the conscience and candor of all our readers.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

STATISTICS OF OLD AGE.—The census of 1850 shows that the oldest person living in the United States was 140. This person was an Indian woman, residing in North Carolina. In the same state was an Indian aged 125, a negro woman 111, two black females 110 each, one mulatto male 120, and several white males and females aged from 106 to 114. In the parish of Lafayette, La., was a female, black, aged 120. In several of the states there were found persons, white and black, aged from 110 to 115. There were in the United States, in 1850, 2,535 persons over 100 years. This shows that about one person in 9,000 will be likely to live to that age. There are now about 20,000 persons in the United States who were living when the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. They must necessarily be near 80 years old now, in order to have lived at that time. The French census of 1851 shows only 102 persons over 100 years old; though their total population was near 36,000,000. Old age is, therefore, attained among us much more frequently than in France.

THE NEW YORK CHURCH TENURE LAW.—This law declares all future conveyances to priests, bishops, and other ecclesiastics in their official character or as corporations sole, void. It also declares void all future conveyances of lands consecrated to religious purposes, unless made to a religious corporation organized in conformity to the statutes of the state, which require such corporations to consist of at least three trustees, and not to have an annual revenue of more than \$3,000, excepting the ministers, elders, and deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of New York; the rector, Church-wardens, and vestrymen of Trinity Church,

New York; and the ministers, elders, and deacons of the First Presbyterian Church of New York. As to such lands at present held by individuals—bishops or others—it provides that they shall be deemed to be held in trust for the congregations who use them; and that they shall revert to those congregations on the death of the individuals who now have the title. In case the congregation do not organize a corporation to take the title, the land shall escheat to the state, to be held in trust by it till such a corporation shall be organized.

EXCITABILITY OF THE SKIN.—A paper recently presented to the Academie at Paris, by Messrs. Laurentius and Gilbert, carries out a physiological view suggested some years ago by a Scottish medical practitioner, as to the excitability of the skin. They have made a new study of the subject; and starting from the fact, that the hairs growing from the skin terminate in a bulb underneath, they show that by washing the surface with a solution of mineral salts, electricity is developed during their decomposition; "the hair then becomes a conductor, the negative electricity escapes by its free point, while the positive electricity becomes condensed in the fixed expanded extremity—the bulb." Action may thus be excited and localized in any part, and a weakened or paralyzed muscle may be restored by an afflux of nervous energy, which, telling at the same time upon the artery, invigorates the circulation. Even a "rudimentary hair," say the authors, "will thus recover its primitive vigor, and the color which accident may have altered," and the activity of the vital functions will be restored.

LOCATION OF HELL.—A gentleman of prominence connected with the Roman Catholic Church, in the vicinity of New York, gave a sermon to his congregation, early in April, about the location of hell. "It is," said he, "in my opinion, somewhere near the center of the earth, and its fires begin to be felt at about twenty-one miles from the earth's surface. It gets hotter as one goes down, and burns with terrible vengeance far toward the center." A great discovery this; and now we hope the same gentleman will take a rest, and then give us his views as to the location of purgatory. Perhaps it is midway between the surface of our globe and the alleged outer boundary of perdition—that is, ten and a half miles from where mortals live and move.

BRAN-STUFFED TROUSERS.—An article in the Wesleyan London Quarterly, for April, states, in a critique on dress, that in England, during the sixteenth century, men's pantaloons were stuffed with from four to six pounds of bran, to make their wearers look voluminously big in the lower limbs. A writer by the name of Holme avers, that a law had to be made against "such as did stuff their bryches to make them stand out." A man was arrested on suspicion, after the enactment of the law, of having bran in his pantaloons; but, denying the statement, he was ordered to change his suit, and allow his clothes to be examined, whereupon it was found out that his bryches were not stuffed with bran, but that instead thereof he had used "a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four sheets, a brush, a glass, a comb, and night-caps, and many other things of use." The bran not being found, the prisoner was discharged, and "he well laughed at."

DR. RAY.—Joseph Ray, M. D., Principal of the Woodward High School, Cincinnati, O., died at his residence, on Broadway near Franklin-street, at half past seven o'clock, Monday morning, April 16, 1855, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was born in Ohio county, Va., November 27, 1807, and was the eldest of ten children. He became connected, as teacher, with Woodward College in 1831, and in 1834 was elected to the Professorship of Mathematics in the same institution. In 1851 the charter of Woodward College was surrendered, and the institution became known under the name of the Woodward High School, of which, at the time, Dr. Ray was appointed Principal, and which position he held till his death. As the author of the first, second, and third Eclectic arithmetics, and an elementary as well as a higher treatise on algebra, the name of Professor Ray is widely known throughout the west. A work on Higher Arithmetic from his pen, finished before his last illness, is now passing through the press of W. B. Smith & Co., of this city. The assistant editor of the Repository, having been long a pupil of Dr. Ray, and being intimately acquainted with him, hopes to furnish in some future number of this periodical a brief biographical sketch of his beloved but now lamented instructor.

QUARRY UNDER JERUSALEM.—Recently travelers have made an exploration of a quarry, half a mile in length by about three to four hundred yards in width, under the city of Jerusalem. It has long been more than suspected that a gallery of this quarry extended under the wall of the city itself, but nothing was positively known regarding it, as it has been kept carefully closed by the successive governors of Jerusalem. The mouth of the cavern was probably walled up, at least as early

as the time of the Crusades, to prevent its falling into the hands of a besieging army; earth was then thrown up against this wall, so as effectually to conceal it from view, and it is only upon the closest scrutiny that the present entrance can be perceived.

About a year ago the dog of an American gentleman, a resident of Jerusalem, attracted by the smell of some animal, scratched a hole just at the surface of the ground, and suddenly disappeared; he soon came back, and his master attempted an exploration, and succeeded in descending and making a survey of the whole extent. Others subsequently made the descent. The stone was found to be extremely soft and pliable, nearly white, and very easily worked, but like the stone of Malta and Paris, hardening on exposure. The marks of the cutting instrument were as plain and well defined as if the workman had but just ceased from his labor. The quarry, it is generally conceded, was worked in the time of King Solomon, for the stone is the same as that of the portions of the temple wall still remaining. The mouth of the quarry is but little below the level of the platform on which the temple stood, making the transportation of the immense blocks of stone an easy task.

The heaps of chippings which lie about show that the stone was dressed on the spot, which accords with the account of the building of the temple: "And the house, when it was building, was built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building."

GETTING MERCURY OUT OF ONE'S BODY.—A novel application of electro-chemistry has been made in France, which for the present it seems to us should be used with great caution. It is a process for extracting metal which may have got under the skin, and lodged in the system. Monsieur Vergnes, having on the back of his hand an ulcer caused by working at electro-plating, plunged the hand into the positive end of an electro-chemical bath, when, as the observers describe, a thin film of gold and silver was seen to form at the negative end after about fifteen minutes. This film was part of the metal that had produced the ulcer, and a few repetitions of the process effected a cure. It has been tried on other subjects with equal success; and, as is said, by plunging a man bodily into a bath, with the necessary precautions, a quantity of mercury was extracted that had been lodged for some years in his hip-joint. If confirmed by further experience, this will certainly prove a most remarkable mode of medical treatment.

TOBACCO.—The annual production of tobacco is estimated at 4,000,000,000 pounds. Allowing it when unmanufactured to cost ten cents a pound, and fifteen cents to manufacture it, we find that the human family expend every year \$1,000,000,000 to gratify a filthy and injurious habit, or one dollar for every man, woman, and child on the earth. This sum would build two railroads around the earth, at a cost of \$20,000 per mile, or sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would build 100,000 churches, costing \$10,000 each; or 500,000 school-houses, at \$2,000 each; or 1,000,000 dwellings, at \$1,000 each. It would employ 1,000,000 of preachers and 1,000,000 of teachers at a salary of \$500 each. Let tobacco-users answer, How much good does it do?

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.—Of the 2,500,000 Sabbath school children in the United States, 550,000 are connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

A GUIDE-BOOK IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By Bishop Baker. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 16mo. 258 pp.—If the practical administration of Bishop Baker shall be equal to his exposition, the Church will have every thing to expect and nothing to fear from it. The work is a compact, straightforward, lucid exposition—touching upon every point seemingly, and saying just enough on each. It should be in the hands of every administrator of Discipline, and to the young minister it is indispensable.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA, by Lieutenant M. F. Maury, not only exhibits a great amount of research, but throws not a little light upon the phenomena of the great deep. Lieutenant Maury has been remarkably successful in producing an eminently scientific work, and yet clothing it in a popular dress, so that it may be read by all. The accompanying charts contribute much both to the interest and value of the work. New York: Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. By Rev. S. I. Prime.—Mr. Prime is a keen observer and a faithful delineator. His work makes two goodly sized 12mo. volumes, and yet he seems brief—we had almost said too brief on every thing. Notwithstanding the superabundance of "books of travel," we anticipate a large sale for this. It deserves it; it is rich in facts, interesting in description, and almost unbounded in variety. New York: Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

NATURAL GOODNESS, by Rev. T. F. R. Mercein, has already been the subject of an article in our pages. Its main design is to exhibit the relation of natural virtue to religion. Its positions are well assumed, and its logic clear and invincible for the most part. It is a work for thinking men, and will amply repay perusal. New York: Carlton & Phillips.

THE YOUNG MAN ADVISED, by Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., is an embodiment of illustrations and confirmations of some of the historical facts of the Bible. The author has comprised a vast amount of valuable matter upon these points within the narrow limits of a small 12mo. of some three hundred pages. New York: Carlton & Phillips.

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED is another work from the pen of Rev. James Caughey. In addition to a brief sketch of Mr. Caughey's life, it contains several of his sermons, notes of his mental exercises while engaged in a powerful revival at Huddersfield, Eng., addresses on holiness, saving faith, besetting sins, the duties of new converts, sanctification, hypercritical hearers of the word, offended hearers, the danger of God's enemies, revivals, etc. For sale at the Methodist bookstores.

THE BIBLE DEFENDED AGAINST THE OBJECTIONS OF INFIDELITY. By Rev. W. H. Brisbane, of the Philadelphia Conference.—A capital design is carried out in this volume; the various passages in the Bible upon which infidel objections have been based are taken up *seriatim*, and the objections in each case shown to be unfounded. Philadelphia: Higgins & Perkinpine. 1855. 16mo. 179 pages.

THE PRASANT-BOY PHILOSOPHER; or, a Child gathering Pebbles on the Sea-shore—founded on the Early Life of Ferguson, the Shepherd-Boy, is an admirable 16mo. volume of five hundred pages, from the pen of Henry Mayhew, of London, the object of which is to show how a poor lad became acquainted with the principles of natural science, etc. The closing chapter, entitled the "First and Last Law," discusses the question of the eternal duration of the human soul after the fashion of a real metaphysician. New York: Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

THE SUMMER-LAND is a southern story by "a Child of the Sun." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY, for April, contains:

1. A New Translation and Exposition of Malachi, by Rev. T. V. Moore, D. D.—critical and interesting.
2. Curtis's History of the Constitution—a well-written article.
3. A second paper on Mr. Maurice and his Writings.
4. Is a fine outline of the history and character of the late William Jay, in a review of his Autobiography, by Dr. Curry.
5. Liberal and Evangelical Christianity is a highly appreciative review of Mercein on Natural Goodness, by Rev. A. A. Lipscomb, of Alabama.
6. The Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Professor of Union Theological Seminary, is a learned and able article.
7. The Coercive Power claimed by the Church of Rome consists mainly of an article from "The Civiltà Cattolica," the organ of the Pope at Rome. It should be read by every Protestant.
8. The Short Reviews and Notices of Books—numbering thirty-two—are, to our mind, of unusual value and interest in this number.

THE May number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is a capital issue of this sterling monthly. Its editor—Rev. Abel Stevens—stands in the very first rank of American writers. The seventh volume commences with the July number; and we assure any of our readers who have not already made the acquaintance of the National, that they will have no occasion to regret the subscription price. Two dollars per annum. Carlton & Phillips, New York; Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.

M'KENDEE COLLEGE CATALOGUE, for 1854.—President, Rev. Peter Akers, D. D., assisted by 5 professors. Senior, 1; juniors, 5; sophomores, 8; freshmen, 13; scientific course, 44; preparatory department, 162: total, 244.

COOPERSTOWN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—Principal, Rev. J. L. G. M'Kown, A. M., assisted by 16 teachers. Students—gentlemen, 200; ladies, 223; primary department, 33: total, 463.

REPLY TO A DISCOURSE OF PROFESSOR M'LEAN ON THE FINAL PERSISTENCE OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. R. A. Caruthers, of the Erie Annual Conference.

A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF HON. JOHN W. GRAHAM. By Rev. John W. Jackson, of the Indiana Conference.

Notes and Queries.

A NOTE UPON THE DETERIORATION OF WORDS.—It is remarkable what a number of words, originally harmless, have, by a deteriorating process, now assumed a secondary meaning of an offensive or harmful nature. Thus, "knave" once meant only a *lad*; "churl," a *strong fellow*; "villain," simply a *peasant*; and "boor," only a *farmer*. "Officious" had reference to offices of kindness, and not to busy meddling. "Moody" implied neither gloom nor sullenness, but simply a man's state of mind. "Demure"—that is, "*desmoeurs*," of good manners—did not formerly as now indicate any overdoing of the outward show of modesty. "Crafty" and "cunning" implied only knowledge and skill, and nothing of *crooked* or *perverse* wisdom. "Tinsel" indicated any thing that sparkles or glistens, and gave no hint of the adage that "all is not gold which glitters." It is also by this process of deterioration that "tawdry" has come to indicate *mean finery* or *shabby splendor*.

A POETICAL CHARADE.—The authorship of the following is said to be among the secrets of literature. It has been attributed to Fox, Sheridan, Gregory, Psalmenazer, Lord Byron, and the Wandering Jew:

"I sit on a rock
While I'm raising the wind;
But the storm once abated,
I'm gentle and kind;
I see kings at my feet,
Who wait but my nod,
To kneel in the dust
Which my footsteps have trod.
Though seen by the world,
I'm known to but few;
The Gentiles detest me,
I'm pork to the Jew.
I never have past
But one night in the dark,
And that was with Noah,
Alone, in the ark.
My weight is three pounds,
My length is a mile,
And when I'm discovered,
You'll say, with a smile,
My first and my last
Are the wish of our Isle."

BORROWING FROM THE BIBLE.—In Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" may be found this stanza:

"As the bubble on the fountain,
As the foam on the river,
As the dew on the mountain,
Thou art gone and forever."

If the reader will turn to Hosea x, 7, he will find the words, "As the foam upon the water;" to 1 Samuel i, 21, "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew upon you;" and to Psalm lxxiv, 15, "Thou didst cleave the fountain and the flood." Scott, though not professedly pious, read the Bible a great deal, and many of his happiest conceptions are borrowed from its pages.

LYING AND LAYING.—Hens *lay*, but they do not *lie*. Hens *sit*, but they do not *set*. You can *set* a hen, if she is inclined to *sit*; but you can not make her *set*.

Again: Ships may *lie* at anchor or at a wharf, but they do not *lay* in either of those situations. Those on board may *set* sail, but they can not *sit* sail.

Lay and *set* are active or transitive verbs, and must always have an object, expressed or understood. *Lie* and *sit* are neuter or intransitive, and, therefore, do not admit of an object. The only real difficulty arises from the fact, that the past tense of "*lie*," when used without an auxiliary, is the same as the present of "*lay*." But a little attention will obviate this.

"FOLLOW SUIT."—A lady correspondent, Brookville, Ia., sends us the following in explanation of this phrase:

"The phrase 'Follow suit' arises from, and is used in card-playing. When one throws down a card, he demands the other to 'Follow suit;' that is, present a card of similar dress. It is a vulgarism of the lowest order."

SEA-WATER.—In your last number, on the saltiness of sea-water, you state as the opinion of Lieutenant Maury, that the reason why some lakes are salt is because they have no outlet. As the ocean has no outlet, and as evaporation is constantly going on from its surface, why is it that the ocean itself does not become a solid mass of salt, or at least lined on its sides and bottom, with vast masses of salt? By answering my query, you will greatly oblige
A CONSTANT READER."

Answer.—As rivers empty their waters and the salts which are in solution in these waters into the ocean, the sea-shells and sea-insects act as a compensating power. They become the real conservators of the ocean, and secrete the ocean salts, and pile them up in solid masses, to serve as the bases of islands and continents, to be in the process of ages upheaved into dry land, and then again dissolved by the dews and rains, and washed by the rivers away into the sea. But for the marine salts the coral insect would be unable to construct its coral reefs and islands. According to the best writers on the physical geography of the sea, the sea animalculæ and shells are justly to be considered regulators, to some extent, of climates in parts of the earth far removed from their presence.

A COUplet.—"I often hear from the pulpit and writers on moral philosophy these two lines:

"I see the right, and I approve it, too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

Do they belong to Pope, or are they really a translation from Horace by Dr. Francis?"

Answer.—Neither. They are from Ovid, and in the original the sentiment is in these words,

"Video meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor."

In Dove's London edition of Ovid, issued 1826, these words may be found translated as above.

BAPTISMAL SUPERSTITION.—A London work states that in the north of England, when several children are brought to be baptized at the same altar, great anxiety is shown by the people lest the girls should take the precedence of the boys; in which case it is believed the latter, when arrived at man's estate, would be beardless. A foolish superstition, say you. Quite so; but not more so than the one almost universally current in this country and Great Britain, that whoever leaves home on Friday, or who begins a piece of work on Friday, will have bad luck. "Luck" is just as likely to happen to a Friday traveler or a Friday worker as to a Monday or a Wednesday traveler or worker.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

FALSE ESTIMATES OF PUBLISHERS.—Cave offered half the booksellers in London the property of the Gentleman's Magazine; and, as they all refused to engage in it, he was obliged to publish it himself, and it became one of the most popular periodicals in the world.

Dr. Buchan offered his Domestic Medicine to every principal bookseller of Edinburgh and London for £100, without obtaining a purchaser; and, after it had passed through twenty-five editions, it was sold in thirty-two shares at £50 each.

Beresford offered his copy-right of the Miseries of Human Life to a bookseller for £20. It was rejected. It was subsequently published, however, and over £5,000 were realized by its publication.

CHARLES LAMB IN A FIX.—We traveled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriage by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me—"What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year." Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst out into a violent fit of laughter, mauling her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied that "it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton."

QUARRELS AMONG MEN OF LETTERS.—Desmahis hated quarrels between men of letters. Some person observed to him that the number of men of letters was very small, in comparison with the bulk of mankind.

"If harmony," said he, "prevailed among them—small as their number is—they would lead public opinion, and be masters of the world."

PERSONAL FAMILIARITY.—The personal familiarity of ordinary minds with a man of genius has often produced a ludicrous prejudice. A Scotchman, to whom the name of Dr. Robertson had traveled down, was curious to know who he was. "Your neighbor." But he could not persuade himself that the man whom he conversed with was the great historian of his country.

SOUTHEY MADE FOR A MONK.—Southey was stiff, se-date, and so wrapped up in the garb of almost asceticism, that Charles Lamb once stutteringly told him that "he was m-made for a m-m-monk, but somehow or other the co-cowl didn't fit."

INTELLECTUAL WEALTH IN SOLID BARS.—Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas described his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin.

SILENCE AND WISDOM.—Coleridge once dined in company with a person who listened to him, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, toward the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Cole-

ridge adds, "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

Coleridge was very luminous in conversation, and invariably commanded listeners; yet the old lady rated his talent very lowly, when she declared she had no patience with a man who would have all the talk to himself.

TALKING VS. WRITING.—Of Dr. Thomas Birch Johnson was used to speak in this manner: "Tom is a lively rogue; he remembers a great deal, and can tell many pleasant stories; but a pen is to Tom a torpedo; the touch of it benumbs his hand and his brain. Tom can talk; but he is no writer."

"KIPPERED" TO THE CHURCH.—It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained at his table a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to "kippered salmon." The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word *kippered*, and was told that it meant *preserved*. The poor man in a public prayer soon after offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland."

DON'T GO TO FRANCE UNLESS YOU KNOW THE LINGO.—"Never go to France," says Hood, "unless you know the lingo." The propriety of this advice is well illustrated in an anecdote related of an Englishman, who being hard run for a cab at the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, during a sudden shower, rushed out and called a *cocher*, or driver; but his pronunciation was so bad, that the "cad" understood him to say *cochon*, or hog; whereat ensued a speedy bout and fisticuffs.

BEST SORT OF LANGUAGE FOR THE PULPIT.—The vicar in a certain village in England, returning one Sunday from church, was thus accosted by an opulent farmer, "Well, doctor," said he, "you be gwain on pretty well now; but why dount you gi' us now and tan a scrap of Latin?" "Why," said the vicar, "if I had thought it had been your wish, I should have had no objection, but for one thing—I am afraid you would not understand it." "That," said the other, "is nout to you; an we do pay vor the best, we oft to ha' the best."

RETOUR COURTEOUS.—A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbor in Greek, "When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round, sharply accosted the satirist in the same language: "When a woman," said she, "has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

TOO LITERAL.—A lady at a neighboring village, says the Cambridge Independent, the other day, patted on the head a little boy, about nine years of age, the child of a laborer, saying, "I should like to have your curly locks, my little fellow." The boy had a splendid head of hair. About an hour afterward the boy appeared before the lady, with a plateful of "curly locks," saying, "Please, mum, here's that ere hair as how you wanted; I've cut it off for yer."

Editor's Table.

NOTES UPON THE CONTENTS.—We have neither space nor time to note the various merits and attractions of the several articles in this number. In our editorial disquisition we have discussed a question—"Dancing and the Church"—not new in its general features, but somewhat new in our columns. We bespeak for our discussion, long as it is, a candid and prayerful perusal. The subject is of great importance, not only to the Methodist, but to the Christian Church. It has more to do with the preservation of the integrity and spirituality of the Church, and with the continuance of its aggressive action, than we may at first imagine. As a journalist, we have endeavored, in this appeal, to do what we can to check this growing evil.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*Laurel-Girt Hill*.—The artistic execution, as well as the quiet beauty of this scene in "the city of the dead," will excite attention. The view takes its name from the gentle elevation on the right. This eminence is of oval shape; and from its wood-crowned summit the visitor looks out along smooth lawns of sunny brightness, and in one direction catches a view of the still waters of the distant bay. The whole reminds one of that poetical picture, which might almost have been borrowed from this view:

"And sweetly secure from all pain they shall lie
Where the dews gently fall, and still waters are nigh;
While the birds sing their hymns, amid air-harps that sound
Through the boughs of the forest-trees whispering around,
And flowers, bright as Eden's, at morning shall spread,
And at eve drop their leaves over the slumberer's bed."

The Author of Sunny Side.—The gentle, serene spirit that beams forth from the picture, and gives expression to the form already marked for the grave, can not fail to win upon the heart. Of the life, and especially the literary history of Mrs. Phelps, we have spoken elsewhere in this number. Our readers, we think, will agree with us that the artist has executed his task very successfully.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—"My Angel Child" is a beautiful conception, but is not managed as well as it ought to be. "The Boy and the Butterfly" is an old story in a new but rather poor dress. "Hope," "Musings," "The Manuscript," and "The Preacher," have been laid aside. "I'm Going Home" has some good stanzas; but, on the whole, will hardly do. "The Soul Immortal," ditto. "The Village Graveyard," "Let us follow Jesus," "Have Faith in God," "Retrospective," and "Consolations in Religion," will not answer our purpose. The author of "A Bud from Memory" would do well to practice. "The Rose of Autumn" almost bloomed into "print," but not quite.

MISCELLANY.—*Auld Lang Syne*.—Few of our readers but have heard that touching story told by Dr. Rush of the Swiss, who left his land and his language behind him, and sought a new home in the new world. Years went on, and at length the time came for the old man to die. He lay upon his couch. The lights grew dim, for "they that look out at the windows were darkened." Loved voices were hushed, for "the daughters of music were brought low." His hands were folded upon his breast; his lips moved; he spoke. His old wife bent over him, but the accents were strange. The exile was

a child again. He was beneath the shadows of the eternal mountains once more. The rush of the torrent swelled upon his dying ear; the Alpine "glow" brightened his dying eye. The song of his sister floated out through the open door, from "the cot where he was born," and he breathed his last prayer in the language of other days.

On Eating the Shew-Bread.—Hearing a person censuring a Churchman for going to hear the Gospel in a meeting—the only place in the village where it then could be heard—Mr. Cecil exclaimed, "Did ye never read what David did when he was an hungered, and they that were with him; how he entered into the house of God, and did eat the shew-bread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them that were with him, but only for the priests?"

Predestinated to be a Fool, and making his Election sure.—One day, when Robert Hall heard one of those self-admiring, pompous nothings preach, and was eagerly asked by a lady how he liked the sermon, he answered, "Ma'am, I always thought he was predestinated to be a fool; and he has now made his calling and election sure."

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHILDREN.—A former volume of the venerable Knickerbocker affords us some rare gems for our children's department, and we draw upon the old gentleman for them:

Those Curling Locks.—A little girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in "clustering curls" down in her neck. One hot summer day she went up-stairs, and cut all the curls off. Coming down she met her mother, who exclaimed, with surprise, "Why, Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?"

To which she responded, that "she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as aunt Nancy did!"

The Quaker Boy and his Grandmother.—Charlie was a little Quaker boy of remarkable intellect, but a peculiar, quaint simplicity, as delicious as indescribable. When he was about four years of age his grandmother died. She was a stately and elegant woman; the very type of an English Quaker lady. Charlie had always been accustomed to see her in rich silks, golden browns and silvery grays, with kerchiefs of costly muslin, and the most recherche of lisse caps; and when he came to see her in her bed-dress, he eyed her with more curiosity than sorrow. The good old lady took his hand, and said, solemnly, "Grandmamma must bid little Charlie good-by, for she is going away to heaven, and will never see him any more in this world."

Charlie, in return, gave her a look of simple astonishment, and exclaimed, "Why, grandmamma, thou art not going up to see God in that night-cap, art thou?"

What is Dark?—Edwin, about eight years of age, was looking through the window, on a very dark night, and seemed for a long time absorbed in "philosophical speculation." At last, turning to his father, he asked, "What is dark?" meaning, of course, "darkness." His father wished to know his idea of it first; and the boy said that he thought it was "little, fine, black fuzz."

The "Hatless Prophet" Cornered.—Some years ago a lad of some six years happened to be at his father's office one morning, when the "hatless prophet," George Mundy,

304

1790



LOGAN MEMORIAL

Wabash River, Ia.

© 1900, M. J. M. Co.

U. S. M.

